

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**





ALL "GO" AND "NO GO."



themselves with more substantial, and perhaps more wholesome, food.

While on the subject of shooting I cannot refrain from quoting from Christopher North:—"Shooting grouse after red deer is, for a while, at first, felt to be like writing an anagram in a lady's album, after having given the finishing touch to a tragedy or an epic poem." 'Tis like taking to catching shrimps in the sand with one's toes on one's return from Davis's Strait in a whaler that arrived at Peterhead with sixteen fish, each calculated at ten tun of oil. Yes, 'tis strange how the human soul can descend, pleasantly at every note, from the top to the bottom of passion's and imagination's gamut. There is much truth in the above quaint remarks, but the real sportsman takes delight in every kind of shooting. As an urchin fresh from school, he glories in bringing down a black-bird or lark; in after days, he aspires to filling his bag with partridges, pheasants, hares, rabbits, snipe, woodcocks, and grouse. I speak from experience; for I have, as a Westminster boy, paid a shilling for a shot at a tame duck in some verdant pond in Tothill-fields; during the holidays I have killed a blackbird in the kitchen garden at Goodwood; I have bagged snipe in Canada close to the falls of Montmorency, near Quebec, and many a wood-pigeon in the forests near Ontario; I have knocked over many a partridge in Norfolk, and many a pheasant in the well-preserved coverts of Berkeley Castle; I have shot a woodcock at Cranford within twelve miles of London, and missed many a grouse at Cannock Chase with the hero of Sahagun, the grandfather of the present Marquis of Anglesey—and have been nearly frozen to death, when on a cold winter's night I lay down in a ditch near the banks of the Severn to bang away at a wild goose—to me literally a wild-geese chase. Although I have not had a gun in my hand for the last fifteen years, I look back with pleasure to many a happy day I have passed in pursuit of game, when the glow of warm blood, the vigour of health, and the strong powers of imagination ever represented to my mind the morning of life, like the morning of day; when everything was bright, sunny, and cheerful, inviting to enjoyment and contributive of pleasure. Before I conclude I cannot refrain from laying before my readers some very spirited lines by the Hon. T. H. Liddell, which I believe are not so universally known as they merit to be:—

Awake and be stirring, the daylight's appearing,  
The wind's in the south, and the mountains are clearing;  
A thousand wild deer in the forest are feeding,  
And many a hart before night shall be bleeding.

Make ready both rifles, the old and the new,  
And sharpen the edge of the rusted Skene-dhu;  
Let your telescopes gleam in the bright rising sun,  
We'll have need of them all ere the day's work be done.

Now brace up your sinews, give play to your lungs,—  
Keep open your eyes, and keep silent your tongues;  
And follow with cautious and stealthy tread  
The forester's footsteps, wherever they lead.

Here pause for a moment, while yonder slope  
He surveys with the balanced telescope.  
By heavens! he sees them—just under the hill,  
The pride of the forest lie browsing and still.

See the herd is alarm'd, and o'er the height  
The leading hinds have advanced into sight.  
"Hold, hold your hand till the antlers appear,  
For the heaviest harts are still in the rear."

Crack, crack! go the rifles—for either shot  
A noble hart bleeding sinks on the spot;  
The third ball has missed, but the hindmost stag  
Was struck by the fourth, as he topped the crag.

Uncouple the lurchers, right onward they fly,  
With outstretching limb and with fire-flashing eye,  
On the track of his blood they are winging their way;  
They gain on his traces—he stands nobly at bay.

Thine heart's blood is streaming, thy vigour gone by,  
Thy fleet foot is palsied, and glazed is thine eye.  
The last hard convulsion of death has come o'er thee,  
Magnificent creature! who would not deplore thee?

Coir-na-Minghie has rung to the rifle's first crack,  
And the heights of Cairn-chlamain shall echo it back,  
Glen Croince's wild caverns the yelling shall hear  
Of the bloodhound that ran down the fugitive deer.

MR. W. P. WARNER, mine host of the Welsh Harp, Hendon, has been elected a member of the Kingsbury School Board.

BIRMINGHAM STEEPCHASES, 1876.—On Tuesday next the entries close for the Erdington Plate, Birmingham Grand Annual Handicap, Craven Cup, and Paget Handicap.

FATAL DUEL.—A hostile meeting with pistols took place, last week, between Mr. Lilburne, an Englishman, and a Spaniard, the Marquis de Sofragua, both living at Biarritz. They went to Vera, a Spanish village on the frontier, near Sare, occupied by the Carlists. According to the conditions of the combat, the adversaries exchanged shots at thirty paces, but without result. Second shots were fired at fifteen paces, and M. de Sofragua fell dead. The cause of the encounter is attributed to various reasons, but the most probable seems to be that Mrs. Lilburne had forbidden the Marquis to appear in her drawing-room on account of something he had said. The deceased, only thirty-five, was the son of the Duke de Rocca, who occupied a principal post near the person of Don Carlos.

HAMPTON SUMMER AND AUTUMN RACES, 1876.—On Tuesday next the entries close for the Claremont and King Hal Stakes for the Summer Meeting and the Garrick Stakes for the Autumn Meeting.

A GUN ACCIDENT occurred on Tuesday to a young gentleman named Murray, living at Ennis. He was duck-shooting on the lake, and had discharged the first barrel of his gun, a muzzle-loader. While reloading the second barrel went off, and blew away a considerable part of his right hand. Amputation of the injured part has been necessary.

PANIC IN A THEATRE.—At ten o'clock last Tuesday night, while the transformation scene was revolving in the pantomime of *Aladdin*, produced at the Alexandra Opera House, Sheffield, a gauze festoon on the stage caught fire and the flames spread across the scene and burnt two girls severely. There was a very crowded house, more than 5000 persons being present. As soon as the fire was noticed, a rush was made for the stairs, down which the people hurried frantically. The lessee, Mr. Brittlebank, promptly came forward and reassured the people, many of whom resumed their seats. The fire was got out before it spread beyond the stage, and the performance continued until it was completed.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S COUGH POWDERS.—In all recent coughs or influenza in horses a cure is guaranteed in a week or ten days. Sold by all Chemists in boxes, eight powders, 2s. 6d. each box, with full directions.

HORSES.—TAYLOR'S CONDITION BALLS.—"They possess extraordinary merit."—*Bell's Life*. "Try Taylor's Condition Balls."—*The Field*. "They are invaluable."—*Sunday Times*. "An invaluable medicine."—*York Herald*. "I have never used so efficient a ball."—*John Scott*.—N.B. The same ingredients are in the prepared form of powder, to be had of all Chemists, 3s. and 2s. 6d. per packet.—[ADVT.]

## The Drama.

THE entertainments at all the theatres during the week have been in exact accordance with the extended programmes we set forth last Saturday, with one exception: at the Criterion, where M. Pitron's management having terminated, the performances during the week have consisted of Mr. Marshall's comedy *Brighton*, with Mr. Charles Wyndham in his original part of Bob Sackett, supported by Mr. Edgar Bruce as Jack Benedict, Mr. E. Righton as Mr. Vanderpump, &c.; and Mr. Charles Wyndham also appears as Achille Dufard in *La Débutante*. Pantomime has been banished from all the West-End theatres save Drury Lane and Covent Garden, to which latter house we give the place of honour, Mr. Blanchard's "Old Drury Annual" being reviewed on another page.

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. Charles Rice is again temporary lessee of this theatre, and author of the Christmas pantomime here, entitled *Cinderella and the Fairy Glass Slipper*. With the nursery tale Mr. Rice has adroitly interwoven, as an introduction, the familiar legend of the *Butterflies' Ball and Grasshopper's Feast*. The opening scene is a gigantic beehive, before which two rival queens, Honeydew, sovereign of the Bees (Miss Julia St. George), and Papillona, of the Butterflies (Miss Marie Walters), consult about what is to be done with a certain Prince Plenteous (Miss Nelly Power), godson of the Queen Bee. Both fairies are pretty well disposed to him, and determine to take the insects into their counsels. We are then transported to a cornfield, in which takes place the Butterflies' Ball. The stage represents a series of gigantic cornsheaves. Here gather together a great assembly of the insect world—beetles black and shiny and green and golden, bees with gorgeous orange bodies, unwieldy grasshoppers, bluebottles, &c., succeeded by hosts of fairies, who go through a graceful ballet, led by Miss Tessy Gunness, as première danseuse. The scene concludes with a grand ballet of butterflies. In the next, a road near the castle, the action really begins. This is a pretty view of a French château and landscape. Prince Plenteous, roaming away from his castle with his sprightly valet, Flunkini (Miss Maud Brennan), is just in time to rescue poor little Cinderella (Miss Amalia) from Farmer Barleybrows (Mr. Bradshaw) and his rough labourers, who are hunting her down for having gleaned in one of his fields. The Prince falls incontinently in love with the pretty heroine, and from this point the well-known incidents of the nursery tale are represented with close fidelity. The impecunious Baron Blunderbore (Mr. J. H. Rogers) and his two elder and ugly daughters, Salprunella (Mr. W. B. Fair) and Blowsabella (Mr. J. Wainwright) receive invitations to the Prince's ball, and the most humorous portion of the opening is where the two ugly sisters quarrel and wrangle while dressing for the gala fête, to which they proceed in perambulators. Poor little Cinderella, in her misery, is visited by the good Fairy Honeydew, who is disgusted to find her protégé has had no invitation from the Prince, and commands the attendance of the rats and the lizards, that change into a splendid equipage for Cinderella, who is cautioned not to let twelve o'clock strike while she is at the ball. A real carriage and six little white ponies are driven round the stage in honour of the little servant-of-all work transformed into a lady. On the road to the château certain figures, representing the different nationalities, pass across the stage. France, Germany, Ireland, and Turkey pass in review, with Russia and China in close companionship. The Dutchman, Spaniard, and Esquimaux also appear, and John Bull is, as may be expected, included in the party. The last personage of the series is a man in armour, and they are all put to flight by a Scotchman and his bagpipes. The ball-room scene gives another chance for the introduction of the ballet. A minuet à la Watteau is the first variety given, and following that are dances by parties of Spaniards, Chinese, Hungarians, &c., and a number of ballet ladies dressed as English sailors appear. To end the ballet, a number of boys dressed as Chinamen, with the orthodox pig-tail, go through an elaborate cocoanut dance, keeping time to the music with rapping the cocoanut shells together, and turning somersaults at certain intervals in the dance. Cinderella, in her happiness while dancing with the Prince, outstays the restricted hour, and the ball terminates with her flight, leaving one of her fairy slippers behind her. Then follow the proclamation of the Prince to discover the owner of the glass slipper, the failure of the two elder sisters to get it on, the success of Cinderella and her production of the fellow-shoe, when the Prince selects her as his bride; and, after a very brilliant transformation scene—of water-nymphs reclining on coral banks, or posed and suspended in mid-air and aloft—the harlequinade (short, but brisk, and full of go) takes place; the scenes including the Horseshoe Restaurant, skating of some Russians, the Suez Canal, with a ballet of black belles, a Marine Bicycle and a Swimming Race, &c.

STRAND.—The Christmas novelty here is a new bouffonnerie musicale, by Mr. H. B. Farnie, entitled *Antarctic, or the Pole and the Traces*. The plot is of the slightest, but serves as a vehicle for the introduction of sprightly dances, pleasant music, pretty scenery and dresses, and other elements of Strand successes. Fifteen years before the action of the piece commences a sea captain, on going on a discovery expedition to the South Pole, left his little daughter Flo (Miss Claude) in charge of his friend Paletot (Mr. E. Terry), a fashionable tailor. Paletot has educated and brought up Flo as his own child, concealing from her his real name and assuming that of her father, Captain Ultramarine. Paletot, in time, falls in love with and becomes the affianced husband of Madeline Bastille (Miss Lottie Venn), daughter of an ex-detective, Old Bastille (Mr. Harry Cox); and now ensue a series of troubles and complications arising out of the real and assumed relationship between Paletot and his ward Flo. Bastille's suspicions are aroused, and, after a variety of amusing incidents, all is made clear by the receipt of a telegram from Captain Ultramarine announcing his arrival in France—the mystery of Paletot's adoption of Flo is cleared up and he is united to Madeline, and Flo bestows her hand on Amadis de Batignolles (M. Marius), an old friend of her guardian. The spirited acting and singing of Miss Angelina Claude and Miss Lottie Venn, of Messrs. E. Terry, Marius, and H. Cox impart life and soul to a somewhat indifferent piece.

GRECIAN.—The pantomime at this theatre is written by Mr. G. Conquest and H. Spry, and is entitled *Spitz Spitz, the Spider Crab; or Harlequin Sprite of the Spitzbergen*. Scene first is a cave on the seashore, and a meeting of Earth (Mr. Donn), Air (Miss Matthews), Fire (Mr. G. Conquest, jun.), and Water (Miss Inch). The Water King tells them that their foe the Ice Fiend, years gone by, made desperate love to his daughter; and he, to rescue her from his power, imprisoned her in a pearl at the bottom of the sea, and then transformed the Ice Fiend to a monstrous Spider Crab and so they will remain until the spell is broken by some daring mortal. A corsair vessel is seen in the distance; Boreas raises a storm; the vessel is wrecked; and Conrad (Miss Dot Robins), the Prince, and King Sillikin (Mr. Herbert Campbell) arrive safely on the shore, but wet, weary, and hungry. They begin to fish, but are caught by a monster of the deep, where they make the acquaintance of Triton. He tells them the story of Pearlina. Conrad and the

Prince become enamoured of her. The Spider Crab (Mr. Geo. Conquest) appears and attacks them. Conrad escapes with Pearlina. The Crab then informs Sillikin that he will save him if he will break the spell, and also share with him half that he shall ever possess. Sillikin does so, and the scene changes to the palace, where Dozey (Mr. B. Morton) and Wide-awake (Miss Claremont), twin-brothers, are disputing the right to the throne, when Sabbotte (Miss Victor) arrives and tells them she saw him drowned. In the confusion Sillikin appears, claims the throne, and orders in Conrad and Pearlina, who are now his prisoners. The Princes all plead their tale of love in vain, when Spitz Spitz arrives and claims the fulfilment of the King's promise—one half of all he possesses. He claims Pearlina, who calls upon Triton to the rescue, who in turn calls upon the Fire King to vanquish Spitz Spitz. He disappears; an iron-bound box is brought on, containing a dwarf about two feet in height, who, after singing and dancing, laughs at the King and all the Court for not discovering in him the Ice Fiend. The box is rent asunder, and he appears in his own shape, and in revenge freezes all the Court, leaving the palace in ruins, and disappears in a heavy snow-storm. The corsair and his love fly to the Fairy Anemone's Home, where she gives them a magic ring, with which they are to be married by the Hermit of the Mountain. A grand ballet here takes place in honour of the approaching marriage. The two lovers arrive at the hermit's hut, but Spitz Spitz has by subterfuge taken the hermit's place, and gets possession of the ring, and carries off the girl to the Frozen Forest and Haunt of the Snow Snakes, where a phantom fight takes place for the possession of the ring between Spitz Spitz and the Fire King. Spitz is victorious; but in the end the Good Fairy interposes, and all journey to the grand transformation scene, the Palace of Aurora Borealis and the Fairy Fancy Northern Lights.

COURT THEATRE.—No more touching drama has for a long time been presented than Mr. W. S. Gilbert's new fairy play, *Broken Hearts*, recently produced with remarkable success at this theatre. Unlike the author's previous fairy and mythological pieces, the fanciful idea is set in the minor key, the prevailing tone being sad, unrelieved by the slightest infusion of the humour, satire, or even cynicism which pervaded *The Palace of Truth*, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, and *The Wicked World*, all of which, however, it surpasses in tenderness, symmetry, and poetry, both of story (slight though it be) and diction. The story illustrates sisterly self-sacrifice and the supreme power of love. On a picturesque tropical island dwell four maidens—the Lady Hilda (Miss Madge Robertson), her sister, the Lady Vavir, (Miss Hollingshead), the Lady Melusine (Miss Plowden), and the Lady Amanthis (Miss Rorke)—the only other inhabitant being their servitor, a deformed, one-eyed dwarf, called Mousa (Mr. G. W. Anson). All these ladies, except Vavir, "have dearly loved, and those they loved have died," and so have sought sanctuary here, "far from the ken of men"—Vavir, solely from sympathy and affection for her sisters, voluntarily shares the exile. To fill the void in their broken hearts the maidens lavish their affections on inanimate objects. Lady Hilda devotes her love to a fountain, her sister Vavir loves a sun-dial, and Melusine bestows her warmth on a hand-mirror. Presently there arrives at the island a handsome stranger, Prince Florian of Spain (Mr. Kendal), who is in possession of a magic scarf which renders the wearer invisible. Armed with this talisman, Florian lurks behind the sun-dial, which Vavir is decking with flowers, and, in mere frolic addressing the little damsel, beguiles her into the belief that he is "a long-suffering mortal man" whom in the stony substance of the dial a cruel magician holds incarcerated. Vavir is overwhelmed with surprise and delight, and, when at her challenge the "entombed" spirit declares that he loves her "with his whole, whole heart," the girl becomes more hopelessly enamoured than ever, and vows eternal fidelity to a dial thus marvellously endowed. In like manner he replies to the loving words addressed by Melusine to her mirror, and, finally, Hilda appears to say good-night, and pour forth her love to the fountain. She is more fervent and impassioned than her gentle sister, and falls still more hopelessly under the spell of the voice that gives back all her vows with interest. She tells the story of her first passion for a Prince, who never knew how he was beloved, but whose name was Florian. He is enslaved at once, and plights his troth to her. In the second act Mousa, who loves Hilda with an intensity of devotion equal to that of his handsome rival, has stolen the magic veil. Not having that talisman, Florian is visible to all the world. Vavir meets him, and at first is terrified, but, recognising his voice, reminds him of his vow, and in pure, unquestioning faith abandons herself to her first passion. Hilda, revisiting the spring, is this time answered by Mousa, who wears the scarf, and makes hot love to her. She binds herself to be the bride of the fountain, and in pledge of her faithfulness throws a ring into the water. This Mousa takes, and places on his finger. At length he removes the veil, and forthwith begins the most powerfully dramatic scene of the whole play. Hilda's whole soul creeps with horror when she sees to whom she has given her troth. Mousa is abject in his love, and cowers under her reproaches. She persuades him to let her have the talisman for a time. In his love he consents, and she immediately turns upon him with the fury of a tigress. She taunts him, defies him, tells him how she loathes him for the trick he has put upon her, and finally vows that no man shall ever look upon her face again. Wearing the veil she meets Florian, and, of course, recognises him as her love of olden times. This intensifies her wretchedness, but, great as is her misery, her sister's fate is harder still. She, gentle, forgiving, and confiding, has not forgotten Florian and his vow. She thinks of him continually, and loves him with all the devotedness of a first affection. Florian has to deceive her, and does so as gently as he can. He tells Vavir a story of hopeless love such as her own, and she falls senseless. Hilda, still invisible, is listening, and is overwhelmed with grief. In the third act Vavir is slowly dying. Her strength ebbs away faster and faster, and her only cry is for her sister, who at last appears, and extracts from Florian a promise to love Vavir and to forget her. Hilda's love is as strong as ever; but she makes this sacrifice, and calls upon him to do the same, in the hope of saving Vavir's life. Mousa, miserable and repentant, comes to Florian and asks him to kill him. At first the Prince, distracted at losing Hilda, seems inclined to make an end of the dwarf; but he refuses to kill him, and bids him live. Mousa, overcome by Florian's kindness, gives him the ring with which Hilda pledged her troth to the fountain, and disappears. The sacrifice of Hilda and Florian is too late. Vavir dies as the last rays of the setting sun rest on her dial, and the exquisite story is over. The four leading characters are excellently sustained. Miss Hollingshead has made a marvellous advance by the grace, purity, and artistic finish with which she invested the embodiment of the gentle Lady Vavir. Mrs. Kendal represents Lady Hilda with charming ease and poetic grace throughout. In the great scene with Mousa she is forcible and effective. Mr. Kendal is well suited as the chivalrous Spanish Prince; and Mr. G. W. Anson, wonderfully made up as the deformed dwarf, Mousa, acts with artistic finish and intense power.



**THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.**—In accordance with their annual custom, this justly-celebrated company of minstrels, more than fifty in number, have occupied, during the week, the Great St. James's Hall, where they have each afternoon and evening given their eleventh annual Christmas and New-Year's performances, the great hall, capable of comfortably accommodating 5000 visitors, being crowded to overflowing on each occasion. The holiday programme is more than usually diversified, and comprises, in addition to other novelties, several new songs, including "St. Patrick's Parade," sung by Mr. Moore, for whom it was expressly written and composed; a new comic double dance, by Mr. J. Canfield and Mr. J. Booker, jun., entitled "The Rivals;" a comic sketch called "Webb the Swimmist," in which several members of the troupe, including Mr. G. W. Moore, appear; a new burlesque upon the "Opera Ballet," and a comic sketch entitled "A Christmas Supper." On Monday next the troupe return to their permanent quarters—the smaller hall—which in the meantime has been redecorated and improved. The holiday programme will be continued up to Saturday next.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE offers an acceptable New-Year's gift to the public in the shape of a considerable reduction of the price of admission on Saturdays and Mondays. On and after to-day, Saturday is to be a shilling day, and Monday a six-penny day.

MISS NEILSON is announced to re-appear at the Haymarket, on the 17th inst., as Juliet.

MR. HORACE WIGAN announces his benefit at the Mirror for Thursday next, when the programme will comprise *Naval Engagements* and *The School for Scandal*.

MR. BYRON'S comedy *Married in Haste* will be transferred to the Charing Cross Theatre next week, with Mr. Byron, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. Warner, and Miss Carlotta Addison in their old parts.

MR. FRED SULLIVAN has been playing his favourite character of Cox in *Cox and Box*—the well-known operetta, by Mr. Arthur Sullivan—with great success at the Townhall, Ham-mersmith.

## Music.

MUSIC intended for notice in the *Monthly Review of New Music*, on the last Saturday of each month, must be sent on or before the previous Saturday. Benefit Concerts will not (as a rule) be noticed, unless previously advertised in our columns.

### MUSICAL RETROSPECT OF THE PAST YEAR.

LAST night the third quarter of the nineteenth century was completed. Another year was gathered to its predecessors; and a favourable moment arrived for a comparison of the present state of musical culture with that which existed at the infancy of the current century. Such an examination could hardly fail to furnish encouragement to the most faint-hearted lovers of art. At a superficial glance, 1875 might not appear to show striking features of superiority over 1850. But its superiority to 1825 would be admitted by the merest tyro in musical history; while a brief examination of the state of music in 1800 would show that during the last seventy-five years our art-progress has been prodigious; and that—although the production of great original works may not have increased in the same ratio—the number of those who intelligently enjoy music has increased more than a hundredfold. To retrace the stream of musical history for the last three quarters of a century, and to note the operations of the various causes which have purified, widened, and deepened the current of art-progress, would be a task which would not only be interesting in reference to the special subject of inquiry, but would also include a history of the social and intellectual development of the nation. Such an inquiry, however interesting, would demand a larger space than we can at present afford. We must content ourselves with a brief glance at the chief musical events of the year which has just passed away; and, however great the temptation, must refrain from carrying our retrospect farther back than its commencement—warned by the memorable example of Dickens's youthful barrister in green spectacles, who, when called upon to propose the health of Mr. Percy Noakes, the "able chairman" of a picnic committee, "took this opportunity to enter into an examination of the state of English law, from the days of William the Conqueror down to the present period; slightly glanced at the principles laid down by the Athenian law-givers, briefly adverted to the code established by the Druids, and concluded with a glowing eulogium on picnics and constitutional rights!"

The past year may not have brought many valuable accessions to our musical repertoire; but it has been a year of progress, of healthy vitality, and of increasing reverence for the best forms of art. In the month of January those admirable institutions the Crystal Palace Concerts, the Monday Popular Concerts, and those of the Sacred Harmonic Society resumed their operations. At the same time the Albert Hall Concerts, organised by Messrs. Novello, were carried on with a spirit and energy which merited success. From the beginning we predicted that they would prove a commercial failure, for reasons which we truthfully, but not unkindly, indicated; and these concerts, which, in a musical sense, were admirable, scarcely lasted through the month of February. That month was signalled by a national calamity—the untimely death of Sterndale Bennett, which took place on Feb. 1. His funeral in Westminster Abbey, five days later, attracted a greater crowd of mourners than had ever been seen within the walls of the famous old Abbey, and for awhile the whole nation was in mourning for the loss of the great master whose genius had reflected lustre on his country and his race. His place as Principal of the Royal Academy of Music was fitly occupied by Mr. G. A. Macfarren, our greatest living composer, who was subsequently appointed to succeed him as Professor of Music at the University of Cambridge. In the same month Mr. Kuhe held his annual musical festival at Brighton. Lecocq's opera *Les Prés St. Gervais* was produced in English guise at the Criterion Theatre, and hopes were entertained that this promising composer would permanently forsake opéra-bouffe for genuine comic opera—hopes which have been rudely shaken by his recent works. An attempt was made to establish English opera at the Islington Philharmonic Theatre, but the very few good artists who assisted were wretchedly supported, and the undertaking deservedly failed. March brought the opening of the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden. In April Her Majesty's Opera opened at Drury Lane, and the musical season set in with its usual severity. Benefit concerts were given at the rate of twenty to thirty per week. The Crystal Palace English operas were given twice a week, and, *mirabile dictu!* Her Majesty's Theatre was opened for the musical performances of Mr. Sankey, assisted by Mr. Moody. May was signalled by an important event, the opening of the Alexandra Palace (May 1), when a grand musical performance was given, under the direction of a foreign musician, Sir Michael Costa, whose programme contained *not one* piece by an English composer, but several pieces by Sir Michael Costa. The solo

vocalists were *all* foreigners, and English art had a cold reception at Muswell-hill last May Day. Since then, however, full amends have been made, and the able musical director, Mr. Weist Hill, has taken every opportunity to show his appreciation of English music and musicians. The usual summer concerts were given at the Crystal Palace. A splendid testimonial was presented to Sir Julius Benedict (May 19) at Dudley House. A season of French comic opera was commenced at the Gaiety Theatre by an excellent Belgian opera company, who failed to obtain the support to which they were entitled. Wagner's *Lohengrin* was given, for the first time in England (May 8), at the Royal Italian Opera; and Verdi's "Requiem" was performed (May 15) at the Albert Hall, under the direction of the illustrious composer. Next month (June 12) *Lohengrin* was performed at Drury Lane by Her Majesty's Opera Company. On June 15 a meeting was held at Marlborough House on behalf of a movement for establishing a Musical Training-School system. On the 24th a conference on the same subject was held at the Mansion House; and Sir Henry Cole, C.B., intimated that it would be desirable to provide funds for the endowment of three hundred scholarships of £40 each. The City merchants did not seem disposed to furnish the trifle of, say, a quarter of a million sterling, which would obviously be necessary were the patriotic views of the South Kensington people adopted; and since that time the proposal has met with but languid support. When people are asked to find funds to enable Sir H. Cole, C.B., and his followers to establish a new musical school, they naturally reply that the Royal Academy of Music, already in flourishing existence, can be made to do all that is required; and the reticence of potential subscribers has been intensified since it has been disclosed that the management of the Royal Albert Hall by the South Kensington authorities has resulted in a lamentable pecuniary failure. In July the National Musical Meetings were held at the Crystal Palace, under the direction of Mr. Willert Beale. July 23 saw the close of the unsuccessful French Opera season at the Gaiety; and on July 31 a season of English opera was commenced there, under the management of Madame Blanche Cole, an excellent vocalist, who was, however, so badly supported that the season only lasted four weeks. In August the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts were commenced, under the able direction of Signor Arditi. The entrepreneurs, Messrs. A. and S. Gatti, displayed wonderful energy and liberality throughout a season of nearly four months' duration. First-rate artists were engaged, good music was given, and the concerts were the best of their kind. September witnessed the most successful attempt that has ever been made to place English operatic performances in competition with those of Italian opera companies. Mr. Carl Rosa, during his seven-weeks' season at the Princess's Theatre (Sept. 11 to Oct. 30), showed that, so far as completeness of execution is concerned, English operatic performances may challenge comparison with any; and there can be little doubt that the remarkable artistic and pecuniary success of his undertaking awakened a previously dormant interest in English opera. The Carl Rosa Opera Company have, since October, been successfully performing at the chief provincial towns; and, when next they appear in London, they are sure to meet with liberal support. In October the Crystal Palace concerts were resumed, and were, continued up to Christmas, conjointly with the Saturday concerts at the Alexandra Palace, and those of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and other less important bodies.

During the year a large number of musical societies have been busy, besides those already mentioned. The Old and New Philharmonic Societies, the British Orchestral, the Musical Union, the Musical Association, the Musical Artists' Society for the Trial of MS. Works (a laudable institution), the Tonic Sol-Fa Union, Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir, and a host of similar bodies, both metropolitan and provincial, have assiduously cultivated the art of music. Cheap replications of standard musical works have been multiplied; musical instruction is being largely introduced into our public schools; music is no longer a luxury, but a social necessity, and England is now one of the chief musical nations of the world.

The musical prospects and possibilities of the year which has this day commenced we cannot now discuss. We trust it may prove a "happy new year" for art and artists all over the world—for those of this country especially. It will be our endeavour to aid in the realisation of that hope, by continuing to display the impartiality and independence which, combined with generous encouragement of genuine talent and unflinching hostility to quackery and pretence, have hitherto characterised the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.

BATH AND SOMERSET COUNTY MEETING, 1876.—Entries for the Juvenile Stakes and Weston Stakes close on Tuesday next.

THE Italian musical journals are rapturous in praise of a young English prima donna assoluta, Miss Anna Eyre, who is now the star at Cagliari. Not only critics but poets are eloquent in her honour; and she has inspired as many odes and sonnets as newspaper articles.

"DAVID GARRICK" IN REAL LIFE.—It is somewhat curious that just as Mr. Sothorn has made his reappearance at the Haymarket in *David Garrick* we hear of the comedy being turned into a tragedy in real life. An infatuated girl having fallen in love with an actor at the Britannia Theatre—the case of "Brown v. Crellin" showed us what fascinating fellows there are on the other side of the footlights—was foolish enough to commit suicide, it appears, because her passion was not returned. Whereupon Mr. Edgar Newbound, stage manager of the Britannia Theatre, writes to a contemporary as follows: "My attention having been called to a paragraph in your issue of Friday respecting the suicide of a young person, Winifred Wales, in which, to my great astonishment and greater annoyance, I find my name and profession figuring prominently, I am under the necessity of earnestly requesting you to publish this in your next. Some four months ago, as far as my memory serves, I received at the theatre a letter of a most fervid and amatory nature, bearing no signature. After expressing unbounded admiration, my unknown correspondent informed me that she was an heiress, ready to lay herself and fortune at my feet, &c., and entreated me to reply, if only in a few words, stating whether I was married or single, the note to be addressed (initials forgotten), Post-office, Stoke Newington. I showed the letter I had received to several of my friends, and treated the matter as a joke, for I doubted its sincerity, and, after scribbling the following:—'Dear madam, I am married,' I tore up my anonymous epistle, and the matter was forgotten. I have not the slightest knowledge of the unfortunate girl who has so rashly put an end to her life, and I am naturally grieved to find my name so unwarrantably used in an affair of which, until Friday's paper was handed to me, I was totally ignorant."

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE HAIR.—If your hair is turning grey or white, or falling off, use "The Mexican Hair Renewer," for it will positively restore in every case Grey or White Hair to its original colour, without leaving the disagreeable smell of most "Restorers." It makes the hair charmingly beautiful, as well as promoting the growth of the hair on bald spots where the glands are not decayed. Ask any Chemist for "The Mexican Hair Renewer," price 3s. 6d.—Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London.—[Advt.]

## Correspondence.

[The fact of the insertion of any letter in these columns does not necessarily imply our concurrence in the views of the writers, nor can we hold ourselves responsible for any opinions that may be expressed therein.]

(To the Editor of the ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.)

SIR,—In your issue of Christmas Day, under the head of "Stud News," appears a paragraph stating that "the Taffys have a real live thoroughbred in Wales at last" by the arrival of St. Mungo at Lord Vivian's residence, Plasgwyn, Anglesey. By this it would seem that St. Mungo was quite a recent importation, the fact being that if he remains there till spring it will be his third season; and your correspondent expresses the hope that "the work of regeneration" will be attained by his success in that "previously neglected locality." I will deal first with the locality and "the previous neglect" from which it is said to have suffered, and then to the wider area of "Wales," where a real live thoroughbred has at last arrived. I will begin with Plasgwyn by the remark that, even there St. Mungo is not the first thoroughbred, as over twenty years ago Lord Vivian had one which served mares in the county. I will then call your attention to Baron Hill, but some four miles distant from Plasgwyn, the seat of the late lamented Sir Richard Bulkeley. In the year 1827 or 1828 he hired a horse named The Duke by, I think, Count Pono. In a little time after came Bird-catcher, who ran, I think, fourth for the Leger. Next, there was a beautiful Arab, and, subsequently, Picaroon, Oceanus, Old Calabar, Adamas, Owen Glendwr, and perhaps others I fail to remember. At Tyfry, not far from Plasgwyn, Mr. William Williams had Prime Minister, who for several years travelled the neighbourhood; and some time previously Levanter, a fine chestnut horse, sent down by the first Marquis of Anglesey, did good service in the county. Mr. Pritchard Rayner had Blondin, and he is still in the neighbourhood of Llangefni, where also was, some years ago, a thoroughbred named Valentine. Near Holyhead Mr. Paul Pantan had The Painter, now dead; and for two years Beechy Head travelled the county. I now leave Anglesey and "the locality for Wales;" and first take Penrhyn Castle, where no duty is neglected by Lord Penrhyn, and where the following horses have from time to time stood for public service:—Mango, Brother to Johnstown, John Cosser, Malcolm, Rusborough, Hadgi, Chief Baron, Rapid Rhone, Young Toxophilite, and Caradoc. Some years ago an hotel-keeper at Bangor brought down a very fine horse, called The Agent, by Filoda Puta. He passed into the hands of the late Major Hanney, Gwynnyn, and thence into those of Mr. Lloyd Edwards, of Nankarow, where also in 1830 was Bolivar (bred by the late Sir Thomas Stanley, of Hooton), and where subsequently came Sir R. Bulkeley's Picaroon, and where now is Don Basilio; and near there the late Mr. Wynne Finch had a very fine Arabian. The late Mr. Ormsby Gore's Hesperus, some years ago, travelled the Carnarvonshire districts of Cardigan Bay, as did Lazybones, a horse of very high quality. In the vale of the Conway, near Llanrwst, the late Mr. Nanney Wynn bred racers, and a horse of his named Hobgoblin travelled the neighbourhood. At Wynnstay the late Sir Watkin bred racers, and his noted horse Piscator was at the use of the public. The present Lord Mostyn had a horse, I think, called Milo, at his seat, Cowgwydd, in Merionethshire, betwixt Harlech and Barmouth; and Mr. Hughes had at Kinnel, not very long ago, a thoroughbred by Venison. I have thus dealt with a small portion of "Wales," which includes North and South. I trust I have said enough to vindicate the Taffys against the taunt as to "five thoroughbred horses." I hope, too, you will publish my remarks in your next issue. It is due to your readers to be put right whom the paragraph has set wrong. It is fair to those land-owners who have not neglected their duties in providing thoroughbred sires, and fair also to your paper, through whose columns you cannot but wish that none but reliable intelligence should be offered to its readers. I am, yours obediently,

Dec. 29, 1875.

"SENEX."

ALARM OF FIRE AT SANGERS' AMPHITHEATRE.—On Wednesday night, just after the gorgeous spectacle known as the "Armour Scene" in the successful pantomime of *Lady Godiva and Peeping Tom*, at the above popular place of entertainment, an alarm of fire was raised. The vast audience, packed like herrings in a barrel from floor to ceiling, rose *en masse*, and threatened a general stampede for the various modes of exit. Mr. George Sanger, seeing that many hundreds of ladies and children would be inevitably trampled to death or otherwise injured unless the panic was arrested, with great presence of mind came on the stage and begged to be heard. "Ladies and gentlemen," he shouted, "there is no danger; it is a false alarm. And now let me say a few words. No one in all my experience was ever burned in a theatre, but thousands have been trampled to death or fatally injured through insensate panic. Now, even suppose that there was a fire: if all rush to the doors at once, is that the way to get out safely and in an orderly manner? Now, what is the cause of all this panic? A ballet-girl gets trodden upon behind the scenes by an elephant and she screams out. Some thoughtless person in the gallery hears her and shouts 'Fire!' and thereupon a well-educated body of spectators echo, without a moment's consideration, this most panic-striking of all cries, and present a melancholy spectacle—a melancholy spectacle I say—of want of commonsense and presence of mind. I wish it to be generally known that, in case of actual fire, this vast building can be cleared with ease in two minutes and a half. Let me hope you are now reassured, and will permit the performance to proceed." A ringing cheer from the audience was the reply to this speech; and thus a frightful catastrophe was averted by a few well-chosen words delivered in a resolute and happy manner. So great is the desire amongst pleasure-seekers to witness this pantomime that many hundreds are turned away nightly for want of room, and, to save disappointment, visitors will do well to book their places beforehand.

LONDON AND BRIGHTON RAILWAY.—The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company have, by their important arrangements for the coming year, completely cut away the ground from under the feet of their would-be competitors. By the aid of their indefatigable manager, Mr. Knight, they have organised a series of plans which render superfluous all rival projects. Among the promised advantages may be named—first, the extension of time for return tickets. Those that are taken between London, Brighton, Worthing, Portsmouth, Eastbourne, St. Leonards, Hastings, &c., will be available for the return journey any time within seven days from the date of issue. An extension of time will also be given in regard to return tickets issued between stations at other parts of the Brighton Company's system. Next is the reduction of second-class fares. The much-required addition of facilities as regards the Crystal Palace will now be given. Not only will the tickets, including admission to the palace in the railway fare, be issued at considerably reduced rates, but several new and important additions will be made to the train service, both from London Bridge and Victoria stations. With respect to season tickets, a reduction in the fortnightly and monthly rates will be made. The annual tickets issued between London and Brighton, at the special cheap rate of £30 per annum, will be available at all the Brighton stations. There will be an increase in the number of third-class trains throughout the whole line. The East London Railway, which is worked by the Brighton Company, is expected to be opened throughout to Liverpool-street early in 1876, when there will be direct connection between all parts of the Brighton Company's system and the new City Terminus; and also, by that route, with the Great Eastern and the North London and Blackwall Railways.









## BIRD-CATCHING.

## BIRD-CATCHING.

ONE of the pleasantest days I ever spent in my life was in the company of a bird-catcher and self-taught naturalist, whose name will appear as we go on. I am not going to enter into a long account as to the manner in which he caught his game, nor shall I weary you with a gossip on birds, for I am not a naturalist, nor have I the slightest intention of becoming a bird-catcher. I simply accompanied our fowler as a looker-on, and what I saw you shall have the benefit of, for it may serve to explain a few mysteries of the art, such as a "flurly pump," a "brace bird," and to show that "thistles" are appreciated not only by asses but also by one of the prettiest songsters we possess. We, myself and my youngster, were called at 5 a.m., and, having taken a hasty breakfast and given

a cup of hot coffee to the bird-catcher—who had called by this time to see whether "we meant to be as good as our word"—we set out for our expedition. The morning was all that could be desired. We called at "his shop" in Hambroke-street, Southsea, where, slinging his "pack for store-cage" on his shoulders, with reaping-hook and thistles, as depicted in the sketch, Wm. Frampton, the well-known bird-catcher, angler, and naturalist, of Southsea was ready for his expedition. We crossed by steamer to Ryde. By seven or so we were making our way through Spencer-road into a very lovely avenue of trees, where robins and chaffinches were singing merrily between the boughs of elm, oak, or in thick hedges of holly or privet which lined the road. Speaking about robins led our shrewd naturalist to undeceive us of another false impression with regard to the robin's mate. Up

to manhood, though scarcely crediting it, we had looked upon the wren—though a bird which always appeared to us quite of another feather—as the rightful Mrs. Robin, but we were now informed that the "robin would no more live with a wren than a jackdaw with a canary."

Quitting the avenue, we pass up hill and down hill, through the villages of Binstead and Wootton Bridge, situated on the bank of an inlet of the sea, on to Wootton-common.

Presently we reached our hunting ground—a patch of land about an acre in extent, surrounded on four sides by a railway embankment, a field, a road, and an orchard; and here the bird-catcher, having surveyed the ground like a civil engineer, who was not averse to be questioned and cross-questioned, pitched his net. The sketch I have given will afford, I think, an idea of the sort of thing it is; and if you imagine its



length to be 36ft by 18ft wide you will have a fair notion of the net he uses. Having fixed it on the ground by means of such implements connected with his art as "poles," "checks," and "heel-pins," he planted his "thistles" within the net as a bait for goldfinches, and then, fixing his "flurry-pump" into the ground, he attached a short rod to it, at the end of which he fixed his finch brace-bird, "Betty." This "flurry-pump," as you will perceive, is a simple but very ingenious contrivance. It consists of a piece of wood about a foot long, with a hook in the middle of it, on which hangs another piece of wood of half the size. By means of a small ring at the end of this piece of wood he fixes the brace-rod, and then passing the brace-line through a hole at the top of the "flurry-pump," he attaches the line to the middle of the rod. The whole contrivance has then the appearance of a pump with a long handle, which can be raised and lowered at will. Within reach of the brace-bird he places some seed, and some water in a tin, fixed on a level with the ground. Having accomplished this portion of his business, and placed another "flurry-pump," with a linnet as his "brace-bird," in a similar manner, he then places his "call-birds," consisting of "goldfinches," "mules," and "linnets," a few feet on either side of the net; and then, taking his position about fifteen yards or so from it, he listens to his "call-birds," and watches the approach of his game.

We retired a short distance, where we could have a good view of him, and before he had "played with his brace-bird" for five minutes in came a linnet, who was, of course, immediately caught. We then rushed forward to examine the bird and have it placed in his store cage, while Frampton busied himself at once in replacing his net. The "hunting-ground" he chose being close to an orchard, was just the very place for goldfinches, which came tumbling into the net with a rapidity bordering on infatuation, as if they were either fascinated into it by the call of the decoy-birds, or at the sight of the thistles, the flower of which we now learnt contains a quantity of "fluff," with a small seed at the end of each, which goldfinches are very partial to. These thistles are harvested in by Frampton at the proper season of the year; and thus, while those in the field have been blown away and scattered by the wind, his stock comes in very opportunely for the purpose of drawing his game into a trap.

### PARIS GOSSIP.

The statue of Napoleon was restored to the top of the Vendôme Column on Monday.

The floor of a restaurant in the Rue de la Gaité gave way on Sunday evening, and seven persons who were dining at the time were precipitated into the cellar, about seven feet below, and were more or less bruised; three of them having been, moreover, severely burned by the coals from a large stove which also fell.

The same management that has already produced *Marie Tudor*, *Henry III.*, and *Don Juan d'Autriche*, has now brought out Alexander Dumas's grand drama in five acts, *La Jeunesse des Mousquetaires*, at the Porte St. Martin. D'Artagnan is now played by Dumaine, as he alone could succeed Mélingue with the dash and haughty air suitable to the proud bearing of that adventurous soldier. Taillade is excellent as Arthos, and Larray makes a magnificent Porthos.

A trifling piece in four acts interspersed with songs, *Les Flâneurs de Paris*, by MM. Grangé and Abraham, has been produced at the Théâtre des Arts with tolerable success.

At the Odéon *Les Dancieffs* is to be succeeded by a revival of Georges Sand's *Mauprat*, with M. Masset in the title part, Tallien in Morcasse, and Mlle. Antonia in Edmée. Then will follow *Joseph Balsamo*, taken from Dumas's work by his son.

M. GOUNOD was lately present at the Opéra to witness the performance of *Don Juan*. The illustrious composer of *Faust*, although still suffering (he carries his arm in a sling), came to hear Mlle. Krauss, to whom he proposes to confide the part of Pauline in his *Polyeucte*.

M. OFFENBACH is going shortly to Vienna to superintend the rehearsal of the *Crocodile*, which is about to be represented at the Ander-Wien Theatre, with Madame Geistering in the part created by Madame Judic at the Bouffés-Parisiens.

M. Rossi, the Italian tragedian, has taken the initiative in organising a benefit for Frederick Lemaître. The performance is to take place at the Salle Ventadour on Jan. 9. None but Italians will take part in the affair, as M. Rossi desires that the evening shall be considered as an act of deference from Italian art to the great French actor. Rossi will produce the drama of *Sullivan*. He has already secured the services, for the musical interlude, of Mlle. Carlotta Patti, M. Delle Sedié, and the violoncellist Braga, and hopes to have those of Madame Albani.

The receipts of the first six representations of *Giroflé-Girofla* were 20,000f, whilst those for the same number of performances of the *Petite Mariée* have been 22,902f. The two pieces are by the same writers and composer.

MADAME THEO, who was to have returned to Paris a few days ago from Brussels, was, when on the point of starting, requested by M. Humbert, manager of the Fantaisies-Parisiennes, to prolong her stay for a week, with the advantage of having her salary doubled, and she consented.

VISCOUNTSSE DE LA GUERONNIERE has received the two following telegrams from Chiselhurst:—

Madame the Viscountess.—The sad news you send us afflicts us profoundly. My son and myself take part in the grief you and yourself suffer, for the loss you have sustained is one also for us.

COUNTSSE DE PIERREFONDS.  
(Empress Eugénie.)

Madame la Viscountess.—My mother has already expressed to you our regrets; but I feel myself compelled to tell you how deeply I feel the loss we have just sustained in the person of M. de La Guéronniere.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

THE PRINCE OF WALES and the Viceroy of India, both accompanied by their respective suites, on Wednesday afternoon attended the Calcutta races, which had been specially got up in his Royal Highness's honour. The purses and cups had been chiefly subscribed by natives. There was a brilliant assemblage, and the Prince appeared to be exceedingly well. The weather was splendid. So telegraphs Baron Reuter's agent, beating Dr. Russell for the nonce.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.—Although the fabric of the new lion-house is nearly completed, and the building is open for inspection, it has not yet been found possible to move the animals into it, in consequence of the walks and paths around the building not being finished; but a number of workmen are now busily engaged on these, and it is expected that everything will be ready before the end of January. The number of visitors on Monday last (Boxing Day) was 15,565, being more than double that of the corresponding day last year, and there has been a good attendance all through the week. Those who are not acquainted with that rare British bird the avocet would do well to visit the fish-house, where there are several examples of this elegant wader in excellent plumage. Three fine examples of the North American moose or elk have arrived at the gardens "on deposit," and have been placed in the deer-house. There has been no specimen of this strange-looking deer in the Society's collection for several years.

## Shooting Notes.

### FIXTURES.

#### JANUARY.

- 1.—Bowes's Handicap, Oak Tree Inn, West Rainton.
- 1.—Thompson's Handicap, West Stanley.
- 1.—Harrison and Davies—to shoot at twenty-four birds, £25 a side, Borough Grounds, Preston.
- 1.—Warner's Handicap Sweepstakes, Welsh Harp, Hendon.
- 1, 3.—Sykes's Handicap, £20, Star Inn, Oldfield, Huddersfield.
- 1.—Booth's Handicap, £5, Snipe Inn, Audenshaw.
- 1.—International Meeting at Monaco.
- 4.—Sweepstakes, £40, Fighting Cocks, Moseley, Birmingham.
- 6.—Groves's Sweepstakes, Nine-Mile Ride, Wokingham.
- 11.—Tucker and Brighton—to shoot at fifty pigeons each, Tucker laying £200 to £100, Welsh Harp, Hendon.
- 19.—Norris's Sweepstakes, £25, Bell Inn, Tring.
- 20.—Carlyle's Midlothian Handicap, £53, Edinburgh.
- 29.—International Gun and Polo Club, Cheltenham.

### PUNT-SHOOTING.—No. I.

#### By "SWAN-DROP."

Now, wand'ring by the river's winding side,  
Its mazy course we trace, explore each creek,  
Islet, or shelter'd cove, the wildfowl's haunt.  
Behold our punt now ride the restless wave,  
A little speck, scarce scanned from off the shore.

"Oh! we know all about it—get into a punt—find the birds—pull string attached to trigger of big gun—bang!—go pick up any amount of wild ducks." This is the kind of talk we have heard before now in the club smoking-room, ejaculated between self-sufficient and redolent puffs of Bristol "Bird's-Eye," the nearest acquaintance the speaker ever made perhaps with the "eye" of any bird—certainly not with that of a wild duck. Well, now, to dispel this ignorance with regard to punt-shooting and all connected therewith is my object in writing about that, to many, soul-entrancing and most arduous sport. Pliny, the historian—wonderful naturalist—says, "Sine voce non volant multæ aut e contrario semper in volatu silent;" which, being interpreted literally, meaneth—"Most birds cry and sing as they fly; yet some there are, contrariwise, that in their flight are always silent." Ah! well would it be for the punt-shooter if the objects of his pursuit were silent; but only our fellow-puntsmen can tell the amount of significance that can be infused into the simple word *quack*. How sometimes it can be uttered in the mode known as "charming" to wildfowlers, and, at others, in a spiteful, irate, let-all-the-wildfowl-round-about-know tone, so abominably aggravating to the jaded and half-frozen puntsman, who only wanted to get up within another twenty yards before going in for a raking shot at the wildfowl which had been startled by the infernal quack-ack-ack-ing of some watchful and sleepless old duck.

The warning of a sentinel wildfowl, no matter of what species, is perfectly intelligible to all other birds within hail. The puntsman soon becomes aware of this fact, and his practised ear can instantly recognise every intonation, whether denoting discovery, suspicion, or alarm, and must guide his movements accordingly. Decoy men in a like manner can tell by listening to the "talk" of their birds when any fresh victims have alighted on the pond. It will thus be inferred that anyone intending to approach a flock of wildfowl for the purpose of thinning their ranks by means of a punt gun must have all his wits about him, in order to circumvent and deceive some hundreds of eyes, all on the qui vive to avoid his insidious designs. Let us now consider about the best kind of gun, the dress of the puntsman, and the most suitable description of punt to carry such a precious freight. It is all very fine to sing—

Heard his proud thunder floating on the tide!  
Mark the dread fiat of the death-winged shower!

You must first of all select the best "tube" you can to eject this "shower" from. For our part, we prefer a gun throwing from a pound to a pound and a half of shot. It is not more trouble to manage than a smaller gun; and, as an old puntsman once sagely observed to us, "If you do get a chance of chucking a pound and a half of pepper at 'em, some of it must touch 'em up somehow." The barrel of a punt-gun capable of carrying a charge of the weight alluded to should be about 9 ft. in length, the interior of the tube being 1½ in. in diameter. We have discussed this matter with many of the best wildfowlers of the day, and that is their unanimous opinion. It should also be a breech-loader, the breech being closed with the action made by Moore and Grey, and which has been applied to Earl Dudley's punt-guns (the best puntsman of the day), with great increase of convenience to the sportsman in loading. The gun should also have a patent plug and spiral recoil-spring—a legacy of the immortal Colonel Hawker's, and probably originally emanating from the fertile brain of the inimitable Joe Manton.

(To be continued.)

### GAME PRESERVATION FOR AMERICA.

An American subscriber, writing from Rutland County, says:—"I have read Captain Bogardus's essays on American sport in your paper, and envy him the fine time he has had of it; but things are different with us. As the matter now stands, there are but few places in New England where the non-migrating species of game are abundant enough to yield, to a fair shot, a decent bag. I take it, hunting stories of ambitious Nimrods to the contrary notwithstanding, that two or three partridges, four or five quail, or half the number of woodcock, are about as much, if not, indeed, more than an average New England bag. Even less than this may be counted on in that near neighbourhood of our larger villages which is implied in the possibility of doing the day's shooting all on foot. A New England day's shooting, then, costs in labour, reckoning labour at what it would fetch, according to occupation, from one dollar and a half to, say ten dollars, a day, and the product in game, rendered into money at the market price, is not more on the average than one dollar and twenty-five cents. This estimate must be liberal, for, to put it in another way, it is not probable that any frugal New Englander would agree to give the average sportsman one dollar a day the season through for what game he kills. The truth is, that it is only the keenest shots and hardest workers who make a living by shooting, and those who do live by it have to live very poorly. I am aware that the game bagged is not the whole reward of shooting, for the pleasure of the sport includes the game killed and the killing of it. Of the two elements some comparative estimate may be made by asking how long one would continue to kill when he could retrieve not one of all he killed. Hence it is that shooting, to be enjoyable or satisfactory, must yield a certain quantity of game brought to bag—a quantity indefinite, it is true, but which may be as nearly expressed as possible in calling it that which is enough for a meal, eaten, as game usually is, in course. To the poor the quantity is of more importance than to the man of means. To the former it is more essential that the product of the day's shooting should show that amount of game which is some equivalent as food for the day's labour withdrawn from its usual occupation. Let us consider what

his food thus gotten costs him. Assume that the two partridges which he gets are equal in nutritive value to 2lb of beef. He then gets, say, 50c in food, and he is out 1 dol. on the transaction; and this makes as big a hole in his income as that made in the income of the doctor or lawyer, whose wage is 10 dols a day. It is the loss of the three-hundredth part of his yearly wages. The difference in the two cases is simply that the poor man's lost dollar represents necessities, and the other the luxuries, of living. Assume, on the other hand, that the same ground shot over was protected by game laws, and that the game was thereby rendered as plenty as it is made elsewhere by the operation of the same laws, and that the same day's shooting produced ten partridges instead of two?

"Assume also that the rule of rental would be the same here that it is where game laws exist—i.e., that the sum which shootings rent for is expressed in the sum which the game killed will sell for after paying the cost of killing it, the account would stand three partridges killed, market value five dollars, deducting the cost of killing, one dollar and fifty cents, game rent three dollars and fifty cents, or, in other words, in place of paying seventy-five cents a head as he does now, he would then pay thirty-five cents a head for his partridges. Consider, on the other hand, the sport of it. Which is the better day's sport, that which brings ten birds to bag or that which brings two? Further, which is the more desirable day's sport, that in which a man kills two partridges, with a loss on the transaction of one dollar per day if he eats them or fifty cents a day if he sells them, or a day's shooting in which he kills ten partridges and in which he loses the value of no time, or in which his sport costs him nothing?

"To put it in a different shape, in one case, putting the market value of the game out of consideration, he has a capital day's shooting and earns his day's wages, and on the other he has a poor day's sport and loses a half-dollar or a dollar in the transaction; or, to put it in still another form, without game laws his partridges cost him seventy-five cents a piece; with game laws his partridges cost him thirty cents a piece."

[We commend this Republican view of the much-abused necessity of game preservation to the Anti-Game-Law Leaguers of the United Kingdom.—Ed. ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS.]

### PIGEON-SHOOTING.

The pigeon-shooters are about to hold their annual conference at Monaco. The international match takes place there next month, and the grand prize of £800 and a work of art, valued at £120, is to be shot for on Jan. 26. The committee of patronage includes the Duke of Hamilton, Sir F. Johnstone, Sir Charles Legard, Sir William Call, Mr. R. Herbert, Mr. D. Treherne, Mr. C. Livingstone, and Mr. J. G. Bennett. Sir F. Johnstone has undertaken the office of steward of the races and the pigeon-matches at Nice, and is now in that town. Mr. S. Hammond, the great purveyor of pigeons at Hurlingham, &c., has just received orders for one hundred and fifty dozen of the best blue rocks for the shooting at Monaco, at the commencement of January.

MR. W. P. WARNER'S, THE WELSH HARP, HENDON.—Owing to the great success which attended the shooting for the silver cup on Friday week, another of the same value (twenty guineas) will be competed for to-day (Saturday), upon the same conditions. The usual one sov and optional sweepstakes will follow. A good supply of the very best blue rocks will be at hand. Shooting to commence punctually at twelve o'clock.

MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. TUCKER AND BRIGHTON.—The Sportsman has received the full amount of £100 due from Mr. Brighton for this match, to take place on Jan. 11, 1876. Mr. Tucker had to make good his sum of £200 by noon on Thursday.

THE QUEX PARK GUN CLUB.—The members of this club held another meeting at Birchington, Kent, on Tuesday, when there was a large company present, including several members of the East Kent Gun Club. The two principal prizes competed for were the club cup and the challenge cup. Mr. G. B. Solly won the first by scoring four pigeons out of five; and for the second event Viscount St. Vincent killed all five birds and won, and, being so popular with the Kentish sportsmen, his victory was hailed with general satisfaction. Twelve handicap sweepstakes were also got through. Of these, Mr. A. Gillow took three, Mr. Pilcher three, Mr. G. B. Solly two, and the Hon. E. Jervis a similar number. Although the birds were trapped against the wind, the shooting was not up to the usual form shown on previous occasions.

A cup, value forty guineas, manufactured by Mr. Edwin Streeter, of Bond-street, will be given for competition in a pigeon-match very shortly by the Chertsey Bridge Gun Club.

PIGEON-SHOOTING IN TORONTO.—Mr. James Ward, of Toronto, champion shot of Canada, undertook on Dec. 8, for a bet of 50 dols, to shoot eighty-five birds out of one hundred, according to Canadian rules, the conditions being fifty single snow-birds, 21-yards rise; thirty single wild pigeons, 21-yards rise; and ten pairs, 21-yards rise, all from ground traps placed ten yards apart. The betting before the match was even, and Ward won, killing ninety-one birds out of one hundred. Mr. Ward is a hard man to beat, which no one will deny who saw the match. He has ordered a gun from the celebrated gun-maker, W. R. Pape, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, expressly for trap-shooting.

A Canadian subscriber writes:—"Lake Champlain is now alive with wild ducks, and furnishes rare attractions to sportsmen. Wild geese are also numerous. In the Adirondacks the deer are very abundant and in fine condition. Up-country hunters are enjoying rich sport. English sportsmen coming out here, for sport ought to bring a 10-bore gun weighing from 9lb to 9½lb, and firing a charge of 4 drachms of powder and 1½ oz of No. 6 shot. 'Choke-bore' guns, on account of their 'close' shooting, are the best for wild-fowl shooting, but they do not scatter enough for general work. I observe that everybody your side of the 'big drink' (American for 'ocean') wants to have their guns bored to throw shot into a 30-inch circle at forty yards. Why not go on the other tack, and have their guns bored to spread over forty or fifty inches in circumference? The execution would be greater."

THE PRINCE OF WALES opened the new Zoological Gardens at Calcutta on Monday last.

LORD HASTINGS died on the 22nd ult., on the Annamally Hills, India, of jungle fever. He left England, in company with Viscount Ebrington, in September last, with the intention of making a tour in India, and thence, perhaps, extending his journey to China and Japan. He was in his twenty-first year, and only succeeded to the peerage on the death of his father, in September, 1872.

FLORILINE.—For the Teeth and Breath. Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world. It thoroughly cleanses partially-decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalcules," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 6d. per bottle. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke, being partly composed of honey, soda, and extracts of sweet herbs and plants. It is perfectly harmless and delicious as sherry. Prepared by Henry C. Gallup, 493, Oxford-street, London. Retail everywhere.—[Adv't.]



## Athletic Sports.

During the last week or ten days there has been but very little doing among football-players, and consequently only a few matches require any comment from me. On Wednesday, the 22nd ult., the Wanderers and the Swifts tried conclusions on Kennington-oval. Although the weather was beautifully fine overhead, the ground was in a very heavy and greasy condition after the recent rains; and dribbling, almost the chief feature of the association game, was consequently a matter of the greatest difficulty. Both sides were shorthanded, the Wanderers for nearly all the game mustering only eight men against ten of the Swifts. For the first half hour matters were prettily evenly balanced, and although the home team had two shots at their opponents' goal the ball on both occasions went over instead of under the tape. Just before half-time a combined rush by the Swifts carried the ball down to the Wanderers' goal, which fell to a kick by Sale. This was almost immediately followed by a second goal, obtained by Talbot. Ends were now changed, and with the wind the Wanderers had things more their own way; but in spite of their most strenuous exertions they could only equalise the score of their adversaries, Smith obtaining two goals. The match thus ended in a draw. On the 23rd Haileybury College played Ravenscourt Park at Lillie-bridge, under Rugby rules. Ravenscourt early in the game showed their superiority, Griffin getting a couple of tries; the kicks which were entrusted to Browell, however, both proved failures. The same two players soon afterwards had a similar piece of misfortune, and at half time Haileybury had been compelled to touch-down twice in self-defence. On ends being changed W. Newton ran in for Ravenscourt; but the try, which was a difficult one, by F. Newton proved another failure. After this Griffin succeeded in kicking a goal after a good run, and the same player soon afterwards securing another try Vernon scored a second goal for his side. After an hour and a half's play time was called, Ravenscourt winning by two goals, five tries, and two touch-downs to nothing. On the following day—Christmas Eve—Haileybury journeyed to Chiselhurst, where they played West Kent, and better fortune attended them than on the day previous. The home team at first had the wind in their favour, and Haileybury had to touch-down in self-defence several times; but, playing well together, they managed to prevent their opponents from scoring any further, and they succeeded once in taking the ball into the territory of West Kent. Shortly before half time Janson obtained a try, but the place kick by Slade was unsuccessful. After changing ends Haileybury continued to play well together, and compelled West Kent to touch-down twice. The visitors just before the close of the match managed to score in a decided manner, as from a catch by Jackson, who made his mark, Hill kicked an undeniable goal; and thus, after a very fast game, Haileybury won by a goal to a try. At a meeting of the committee of the association, held at Kennington-oval, on Wednesday, the 22nd, the third ties for the Association Challenge Cup were drawn as follows:—

The Wanderers play Sheffield.	
Royal Engineers „	The Swifts.
Oxford „	Cambridge.
Old Etonians „	Clapham Rovers.

All the above-named ties will have to be played off at Kennington-oval before the last day of January.

One of the most attractive matches for the whole season in town is fixed for decision on Saturday next, at 2.30 p.m., on Kennington-oval—viz., that between London and Sheffield, under the London Association rules, not as formerly, half-time London and half-time Sheffield rules. The London eleven will be composed as follows:—W. S. Rawson (Oxford University) captain, E. B. Haygarth (Swifts), A. H. Stratford, J. Kenrick, and C. H. Wollaston (Wanderers), A. H. Savage and E. P. Barlow (Crystal Palace), W. S. Buchanan and R. L. Geaves (Clapham Rovers), W. J. Maynard (1st Surrey Rifles), and J. Bain (Oxford University). The names of the Sheffield eleven, up to the time of writing, I have not been able to obtain.

In consequence of Mr. E. H. Ash, the courteous and obliging secretary of the Richmond Cricket and Football Club, going into business on his own account, it has been resolved to present him with a fitting testimonial. A circular has been forwarded to all the members of the club, in which it is stated that “the committee feel sure that you will be glad to avail yourself of this opportunity of showing your appreciation for one who has for the last fourteen years afforded such means of enjoyment to all members of our club.” This is no mere flattery, as from personal experience I can say truthfully that no one has ever been more willing to furnish information or to afford accommodation to the members of the fourth estate than Mr. Ash, and I trust the appeal will be adequately responded to. Subscriptions may be forwarded to Messrs. A. and E. Rutter, 20, Montagu-street, W.; F. Morris, Stock Exchange, E.C.; E. C. Holmes, 12, Bedford-row, W.C.; or to the hon. sec. of the fund, C. D. Heatley, 31, Clarges-street, W.

After writing in a pleasurable strain, it is with great regret that I have to notice the death of two champions of various athletic sports—viz., that of William Gray, the ex-champion of racquets, and that of Tom Morris, jun., the ex-champion golf-player. Gray, who was born April 30, 1846, died at his residence, 53, Victoria-street, Windsor, on Friday night, the 17th inst., of consumption. When only ten years of age he was employed as marker at the University Arms, Racquet-court, Cambridge, and two years afterwards, when St. John's College courts were completed, he acted as marker there under his brother, H. J. Gray. In 1861 he was employed in Ireland by the Kildare Club, and in '63 he played Dalton for the championship of the “Emerald Isle.” The first match, at the Viceregal Court, Dublin, he won four games to “love,” and the second (played at Kildare) he achieved a similar bloodless victory, thus earning the title of champion of Ireland. Not satisfied with this success, he, in '66, went in for still higher honours, challenging Foy, of Aldershot, for the championship of England. The first match came off at the University Club Court, Dublin, where he won by four games to “love.” The return was played at Aldershot, and again he proved the conqueror by four games to two. Flying at still higher game, he, in the following year, added the title of “champion of America” to his credit, by beating Foulkes for £1000 a side in a home-and-home match. The first event, which came off in May at New York, he won by four games to three, but in the return, in July, at the Ulster Club, Belfast, he gained an easier victory, by scoring four games to two. Since that time up to his decease he held the appointment of racquet-marker at Eton College, and many of our best amateurs of the present favourably the result of his teaching, “Young Tom” Morris, as he was familiarly called, took to golf at a very early age. Born at Prestwick in 1851, he died at his father's house, St. Andrew's, on Saturday morning last, from a bloodvessel ruptured internally. When “Old Tom” was guardian of the rinks at Prestwick, “Young Tom” at a very early age gave promise of becoming a player of some note. When only sixteen years old he carried off the champion belt in the annual contest for

that trophy over the Prestwick links. He and his father migrated to St. Andrews in 1869, and it was here that he has shown himself as a player almost without an equal. While engaged in a match with his father against the two Parks, of Musselburgh, in September last, on the North Berwick links, he had the misfortune to lose his “better half.” This sad blow seemed to sign his death-warrant: and, although it is only a week or two since that I had to refer to his victory over Mr. Molesworth, poor Morris died, as above stated, in his twenty-fifth year, deeply regretted by all who had come in contact with him.

In former years Boxing Day was generally one of the busiest of the whole season at the different running-grounds, but, for some reason or other, there was but very little stirring last Monday. At Lillie-bridge the proprietor, with a view to encourage long-distance running, offered prizes for a ten-mile race—viz., £17 for the first, £5 for the second, £2 for the third, and £1 for the fourth; and, as an incentive for making good times, all who covered the distance in 60min received 10s., in 59min £1, 58min £1 10s., 57min £2, 56min £2 10s., 55min £3, 54min £3 10s., 53min £4, 52min £5, 51min 26sec (the best time on record) £10. In addition to this, anyone who finished received back his entrance-fee. Although the weather was anything but inviting, the spectators mustered to the number of about 2000. Out of sixteen who accepted eleven went to the post, with starts varying from 15sec to 6min. Some of the competitors were men who years ago were well known on the cinder-path—as Harry Andrews and Corkey, of Bethnal-green. One—Scammell, of Fulham—was a youth of about sixteen. It is not my intention to describe the race in full; let it suffice to say that W. Beavan, of Camberwell, was first, doing the distance in 57min 58½sec; J. Burnley, of Paddington, was second; and A. Markham, of Marylebone, third; A. Flaunty, of Woolwich, fourth. W. Morgan, the virtual scratch man—he having only 15sec start—completed the distance under the hour, thus entitling him to the 10s. bonus, as well as Burnley and Markham. By beating 58min Beavan gained an extra 30s.

If there is one place more than another where bicycling never fails to draw a large “gate” it is at Wolverhampton; and on Monday last quite 11,000 paid for admission at the Molineux Grounds, when £50 in money and a gold medal were given for the one-mile championship. Keen, Cooper, Moore, and Thuillet all entered, but the last-named failed to show up, owing to indisposition. At starting Keen took the lead, which he held until the third lap, when Cooper, with a grand spurt, went past him; and, in spite of Keen's brilliant riding, Cooper won by a short yard. Moore fell heavily when close home, he at that time being about ten yards behind. The time was decidedly slow—viz., 3min 13½sec. Cooper thus took the medal and £30, Keen £15, and Moore £5. After this there was a three-mile handicap, in which Keen (scratch), Moore (50 yards start), Stanton (200), Wood (250), and Williams (300) took part. There was not much change in the relative positions of the men until the sixth lap, when Stanton took the first place, which he held until the fourteenth circuit of the ground. Keen now, with one of his noted rushes, passed Moore easily, and, catching Stanton in the next lap, won by 100 yards in 9min 38sec. Moore finished second, ten yards in front of Stanton. On Monday and Tuesday one of the great Sheffield handicaps took place, and attracted enormous crowds as usual. The distance was 212 yards, and four prizes were given—viz., £80 for the first, £12 10s. for the second, £5 for the third, and £2 10s. for the fourth. Most of the heats were very closely contested, but the final lay between Airtion, of Guisboro'; Jenny, of London; Stoddard, of Burnley; and Murray, of Edinburgh, who finished in the order named, Stoddard and Murray running a dead-heat for the third place.

A billiard handicap, promoted by Cook, the ex-champion, commences in the Banqueting-Room, Guildhall Tavern, on Monday evening next, at six o'clock. Hunt (220) and Richards (220) are the first pair; Stanley (110) and Collins (220) the second, on Monday. On Tuesday H. Evans (220) plays Shorter (220), and T. Taylor (110) meets J. Stammers (270). On Wednesday evening F. Bennett (170) contends with L. Kilkenny (170), and Cook (scratch) plays A. Bennett (170). EXON.

## FOX-SHOOTING IN AMERICA.

The hunting of foxes with dogs, in this section of the country at least (we quote the *Forest and Stream* of New York) appears, for the time being, to have subsided; none the less necessary, however, is it that the foxes should be kept down if we would have any game left, more particularly the ruffed grouse, which appears to be a dainty much affected by master fox, probably because of his being a “convenient” bird, not like the Irishman's turkey, “a little too much for one and not quite enough for two.” However frightful it may sound to our English cousins, it is necessary, in the absence of more legitimate means of hunting them, that we should shoot our foxes, and the mode of doing so in Massachusetts is described in the following letters:—

“I attended an old-fashioned fox-hunt a short time ago on Cape Cod, near Hyannis—no horses, but with an excellent pack of dogs (six of them) and six men. We take stands behind rocks, trees, bushes, or anything that will conceal a man, and the dogs are started into the brush. The place is called Great Island, is owned by one of our prominent Boston merchants, and is connected with the mainland by a narrow neck of sand; and by stationing one person, or even by hanging up an overcoat or blanket at the point where the neck joins the island the foxes are kept from going off; and, as the island is only about a mile long and half as wide, the fox is sure to give someone a shot sooner or later. This time we bagged three in about two hours—one very fine old dog fox and two of this year's cubs.

“One moment the noise indicated that he was coming nearer, the next the sound became fainter and fainter, and almost died out; finally, he took a direction towards a road which passed on the north side of the swamp. One of our party, Fred. S., who is an enthusiastic sportsman and an excellent shot, after stationing us in a favourable place, with the injunction to keep our eyes peeled, started for the road. Upon reaching this he perceived by the fresh prints in the muddy road that it was not a rabbit but a fox that the dog was chasing. Knowing that the fox would probably come back this road again, he hastened forward, and, finding a suitable place, he crept into the bushes. Hardly had he concealed himself when the noise of the dog showed that the fox was approaching. Pretty soon he saw him coming down the road like a streak of lightning: as he went past him he gave him one barrel, intending to put in the other if he did not kill him. Not seeing him go by an open space he concluded that his shot had met with success, and on running out he found him kicking his last in the road. The peculiar circumstances connected with this hunt are not often met with in this vicinity. The time of day—as the early morn is considered the best time; the short time that passed between the starting of the fox and his being shot, it being about an hour; the size of shot used being No. 7, as we did not expect

to see anything larger than a rabbit, and had no other size. The fox was a red one, of medium size, about twelve pounds weight, and was killed within fifteen miles of Boston.—D.”

## KINGSBURY AND STREATHAM CHRISTMAS MEETINGS.

RESIDENTS in the north and west of London are not a little indebted to Mr. Warner for the pleasant racing meetings at Hendon, to say nothing of the manifold pleasures of the Welsh Harp and its adjacent lake. Sportsmen who assembled at Kingsbury on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday had no cause to complain of the sport provided for them. The Christmas Open Steeplechase, on the first day, was won easily from start to finish by Victoire, Lolworth being second, and the veteran King of the Roses walked in. A capital race for the Red Coat Steeplechase, between Grattan, Crawler, and Interest, resulted in a dead-heat between Grattan and Interest, but Grattan afterwards walked over. The most important race of the second day was the Christmas Hurdle Handicap, in which Antidote appeared likely to compensate her owner for her previous ill-luck; but the mare has been a most unfortunate one, and on Tuesday, when victory was within her grasp, she slipped up at the last hurdles; and Jupiter, vigorously ridden by Mr. Hobson, just got home a head in front of Maid of the Mill—the pair, owing to the heavy state of the ground, having been galloped to a complete standstill. That Miss Doubtful is one of the best hunters at present running is certain, from the easy manner in which, under the welter impost of 13st 8lb, she cantered home in front of her half-dozen opponents, her victory benefiting the fund and the owner of the second horse materially, inasmuch as she realised at auction 230gs over the entered selling price. Of the half-dozen who competed on the concluding day in the Maiden Hurdle Stakes Peep o' Day was most fancied, but victory rested with Flintlock, about whose chance 4 to 1 was obtainable. The event of the afternoon, the Open Steeplechase Handicap, brought out five runners, and Victoire, who opened favourite, was soon supplanted in the quotations by Prince Patrick. The race was run at a good pace; but from the moment Victoire got her head in front the issue was never in doubt, and she won easily by four lengths. Queen's Huntsman won the Selling Hurdle Handicap, and was afterwards sold to Mr. Sanford for 155gs, while the same gentleman purchased Quip for 110gs after winning the Selling Steeplechase. Sybarite had no difficulty in carrying off the Golden's Green Steeplechase Plate, and afterwards became the property of Mr. Bracher for 250gs; while Etal, who competed, found a new owner in Mr. Burton for 65gs. Of the trio who contested in the concluding event Dennis was in most request, but the race fell to Blast, after a good finish, by half a length.

A fair number of holiday folk assembled at the Streatham steeplechase ground to witness the Boxing Day sport. Merlin won the big steeplechase easily from Montabart and Feeling, the heavy going suiting him to a turn. Old Whinyard, who is now owned by the Duke of Montrose, won the Selling Hurdle-Race, and in this race Tattie broke her off hind leg, and had to be destroyed. The largest field of the day went to the post for the Mitcham Hurdle, the result being a dead-heat between Jupiter and Peep o' Day, the former subsequently walking over. On Tuesday the Hunters' Steeplechase was won by Sybarite; the Selling Handicap Hurdle-Race by Bernardet; the Selling Handicap Steeplechase by Dunois, beating Stella by a head; the Norbury Steeplechase Plate by Lady Lucy.

## STUD NEWS.

ESCA adds another to the list of thoroughbred sires at present having their head-quarters in the county of Sussex. This son of Voltigeur is to stand at Petworth, and boasts to be father of The Snail, who, happily, does not inherit with his name the family failing of “the slows.”

John Davis is another Voltigeur horse, whose very smart representative, John Day, has brought him into deserved notice. He hails from Water Tower Farm, Rugby, with Mogador for a companion, the latter having won his laurels early by having begotten Pathfinder, the last Grand National winner.

We are very pleased to see that Merry Sunshine, who won the £200 prize at Guisborough, in the Cleveland district, is to commence business in that locality at once. We are satisfied that no sounder, better-shaped, or better-bred animal ever entered a show-yard, and we wish Mr. Taylor Sharp all manner of success with his prize-winner.

We notice that Typhæus, who was credited with fifteen foals last season, is to stand at Middle Park at 30gs, making the seventh sire at present in the Kentish stud farm, and bringing Mr. Blenkiron's number up to those at Hampton and Cobham.

We hear of another thoroughbred sire bound for Wales, in Egremont, a son of Y. Melbourne and Bay Celia, and he is to stand for the season at Llanboidy, in Carmarthenshire.

Young Trumpeter and his son Bugler are the attractions held out to breeders at High Wycombe, and both horses are full of Touchstone blood.

The produce of about 350 sires is registered by Messrs. Weatherby in their last issue of the *Book Calendar*. Many are credited with only one foal, and altogether there seems to be a deal of rubbish in the list, which, however, contains “Cock Oyster” and the rest of the “Irish Brigade.”

The following is a list of mares at Newbridge-hill Stud Farm, Bath:—Fairy Queen, by Thormanby; Siluria, by Caractacus; Dolenzia, by Gladiator; Halkali, by Trumpeter; Wild Rose, by Surplice; Sea Breeze, by Carnival; Begonia, by Ratanplan; Antelope, by Follow Back; St. M. E., by Skirmisher; Riga, by Wild Dayrell; Aerial Lady, by Wild Dayrell; Volhynia, by Voivode; Bertha, by Macaroni; Explosion, by Saunterer; Summer Cloud, by Parmesan; Oblation, by Beadsman; and Therapeutics, by Lecturer. These will be portioned out among the home sires, and among Prince Charlie, Carnival, King of the Forest, Kingcraft, and Strathconan. The yearlings for sale in July are colt by Gladiator out of Fairy Queen, colt by Orest out of Siluria, colt by Brown Bread out of Explosion, filly by King o' Scots out of Wild Rose, colt by Claudius out of Dolenzia, and filly by King John out of Scrubbing Brush.

Guy Dayrell, a Lincoln Handicap winner, is to stand with Vanderdecken at Packington Hall.

Speculum and Knight of the Garter both promise to have a good season again; and subscriptions to the Moorlands horses are coming in fast.

The Glasgow stallions will be on view at Tattersall's at the end of next week; and we trust they may have a successful “letting” on Jan. 10. Toxophilite will remain at Enfield.

We hear that Mr. Pishey Snaith is very much in love with his new horse, Benvoglio, and swears to make him as popular as “old Warrior.”

Albert Victor makes way quietly in the north, where a change of blood is likely to benefit the Yorkshire breeders. We have always held to the opinion that “Albert” is better shaped and with more quality than his “big brother” at Cobham.



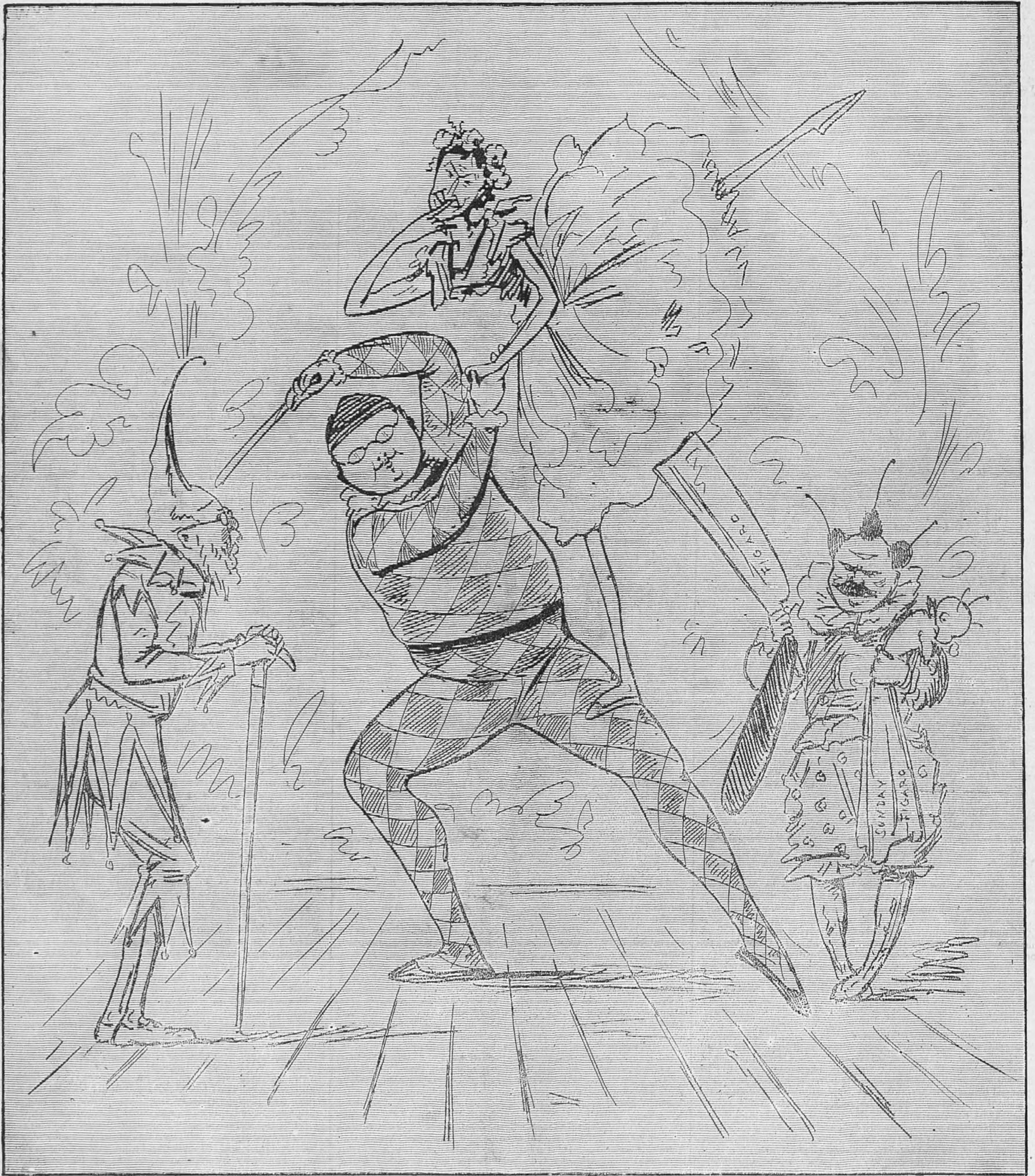
## Our Captious Critic.

Who is this Captious Critic—this fellow who arrogates to himself the position of a particular censor, and wields his pen as though he had a right to be considered in his opinions before his more modest brethren—who is he? Faith, my friends! that is a question which at this early moment of the New Year, when indigestion duly waits upon appetite, presses itself forcibly into my meditations and importunes for an answer.

In order that I may endeavour adequately to grapple with such a momentous subject, let me first make a short dissertation upon dramatic criticism and critics in general.

Dramatic criticism (as probably all other) has in every age been the offspring of small knowledge and much conceit. It first appeared at a very early date in the world's history, and its place of birth was that portion of the theatre from which the term *groundling* derives its origin; and, although once or twice it has acquired a respectable place in literature, it hath in general been an abused as well as abusive thing. To trace the stages of its development is not my purpose. Let it be sufficient for me to discover that in the present age dramatic

criticism has become a recognised trade and its professors a well-known tribe. Being one of the tribe, of course I know a little about them. The incompetent ones are in general agreeable persons, the smart ones disagreeable. They of the former sort swarm about the theatre on a first night like flies about a sugar-cask—flattering everyone connected with it, from manager to checktaker. There never was such a manager—so enterprising, so astute, and so generous withal. As for the acting-manager, what will he have to drink?—he is such a charming fellow, quite the gentleman, and if the front of every theatre were so managed what a blessing, &c. As for the actors, he who receives the largest salary is a genius, my



THE CAPTIOUS CRITIC'S PANTOMIME.

boy. They will listen to his complaints about the injustice of authors. Mine is a good part (says the actor); but then Brown has a very good part, too, and he is a fellow who only gets a pound or so a week—I won't stand it! Your obscure critic quite agrees with him so long as he will "stand" something else at the public-house round the corner. But among obscure critics the most objectionable is the "outsider" whom one meets on first nights, and who, when asked what journal he represents, replies that he is not at liberty to name it—professional etiquette, you know. He is generally a clerk in the Civil Service, which, as everyone is aware, has supplied more than one accomplished professional dramatic critic. Persons such as this make one doubtful as to the advantages of "the anonymous" in

journalism. Methinks it only serves to obtain for worthy writers the discredit of bad work, and for unworthy writers the credit of excellent work which they have not performed.

The declension in moral and artistic value of dramatic criticism is chiefly caused by the undue value set upon it by the actors. To see an otherwise intelligent and respectable histrion diligently wooing the favourable mention of some obscure and unqualified "critic" is a sight not so uncommon as it is absurd and contemptible. 'Tis true that your manager has nothing to lose and much to gain by consistent courtesy to the gentlemen of the press. And the wiser the manager the more careful is he not to fail in this respect. But it is ridiculous for artists so far to forget the dignity of their art as to personally sue for personal puffs which, when obtained, they

must inwardly despise. Still more despicable, on the other hand, is the writer who, suffering from real or fancied slight at the hands of actor or manager, makes his columns a vehicle for uttering his personal rancour and private spleen. Yet both these abuses sometimes occur. It is deplorable that in relation to the drama and its most accomplished illustrators any writer could have the shadow of a foundation for the use of such a phrase as the "hiring portion of the press," or the slightest precedent for supposing it "at the command" of any actor whomsoever. I trust, however, that this matter will be thoroughly sifted in the case of Henry Irving against the printer of *Fun*, and that the actual writer of the fatuous letter "to a Fashionable Tragedian" in that periodical will be brought forward in order that the public mind may be satisfied as to



whether he is "malicious," or simply a fool who is ignorant of the right uses of language, t essaying to be witty. I confess the production is so absurd in its conclusions, and so illogical, that I incline to the latter opinion.

But I am growing quite serious and didactic where I meant to be cheerfully inconsequential. The festive season has been too much for me. Those dreadful public holidays all at once is an experience that I could willingly forego for ever. The typical working man, who on the Christmas Eve was a stanch upholder of Church and State festivals, after three days of drunkenness wakes up and declares himself a disciple of Bradlaugh—he don't believe there never was no Nativity, and as for the Trinity—why, that requires looking to. It will take him quite a fortnight to recover his normal condition; and 'tis ten to one that before he does he will get locked up for half-killing his wife. I confess that it is to me the most ironical thing in the world, the way in which the newspapers—those daily chronicles of folly, fraud, and crime—set about ringing the Christmas chimes and crying "Peace on earth, goodwill to men!" as though they were the veritable herald-angels themselves.

But whither am I tending? The fact is, kind reader, that it was my object this week to have dealt with some of the Christmas pantomimes. With this object in view, I have already been to several theatres where is exhibited this class of entertainment; but I find myself at the present moment unable to dis-

entangle them all in my mind. Therefore will I defer their assize until another day. In the mean time, not to appear utterly callous to those generous emotions which the *D. T.* assures us rise up within every honest bosom during this damp and dismal season of the year, allow me to present you with "The Captious Critic's Pantomime." It is, I promise you, as lively a harlequinade as you can well desire; for Clown, Pantaloon, Harlequin, Columbine, &c., are all impersonated by some of the leading dramatic critics of the day, who take the parts turn about. Hi, hi, hi! Here we are again!

Old age hath yet his honour and his toil.

Therefore, thou tottering but venerable PANTALON, take honourable precedence. Tired is he of follies which for half a century he has been witnessing with kindly forbearance, frolics which he has joined in with genial sympathy. Ever and anon, in utter weariness of the show, he makes as though to quit it. He would fain, for the remainder of his days, achieve retirement in that histrionic bower in Adelphi-terrace to which he has long lent a dignity that it would scarcely otherwise have acquired. But no, not yet comes his rest. Still he must take his part; for among the younger men there is none fit to take it after him. Learned and acute, he is severe only when necessary, and, having a giant's power, he will not use it like a giant. Sometimes, indeed, when the veteran has been ill or absent, his part has been essayed by a subordinate. Directly

this happens the public begin to hiss. It is at once whispered that Jove has gone out of town, and that it is footman James who is performing instead.

The HARLEQUIN who is now before you, without having any claim to the learning or the critical acuteness of Pantaloon, equals if not exceeds him in good-nature. Indeed, Harlequin carries literary benevolence to the foolishness of extremes, and will bepraise incompetency out of compassionate bowels rather than correct it out of conscientious brains. Chameleon-like in hue he never changes his colour, save for the purpose of "giving a good line" to some one who is often quite unworthy of it. Thus he often gets himself into the unenviable position of a champion of rotten causes. If by any chance he happens to learn that he has unwittingly *satirised* anyone, it causes him such exquisite anguish that he will rush all over the town in order to apologise and make amends. I am not sure but that I have a strong liking for this trait in his character.

Behold the fascinating COLUMBINE! Is not the name sweet as honeydew? From her you would expect nothing but the softest accents. Linked sweetness long drawn out. But I should advise you not to draw her out. She carries a sting that is unequalled for point and swiftness, and she is utterly devoid of compunction. Like many other cruel dames, she rather enjoys to see her victim writhe under the torture she inflicts. She is *la belle dame sans merci*; but she has no



THE RUFFED GROUSE IN HER NEST. PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIFE.

favourites; she is impartially severe and artistically conscientious, and in her capacity has done the stage some service. As a performer, she is chiefly remarkable for her *style*. In this respect she has in journalism few equals and no superior. For the rest, she is the theatrical oracle of Society (a word which she always spells with a capital S), and the Popular Idol of a limited but select circle of wits and men of parts.

The part of Columbine, however, is frequently played by one or two other less sarcastic dames, who are as much addicted to "gush," as the above young person is prone to cynicism.

The important rôle of Clown is alternately taken up by different writers upon the comic journals, professedly so called. One notable performer is also a burlesque writer, and he clowns it *ad nauseam* upon all occasions. His notions of humour are peculiar. One of them is to publicly advertise his own merits in an esteemed and celebrated comic journal.

The clown here depicted is another sort of clown. He belongs to the saturnine school, and affects a sphinx-like deportment.

The POLICEMAN you can cast as you will. He is intimate with the Licensed Victuallers' Association, and, being a policeman, he is, of course, above taking bribes.

What do I play myself? If you like it, the SWELL—the cheaply got-up, pretentious swell of pantomime, who peers contemptuously through a gaudy eyeglass at the funny antics of the others, chucks Columbine under the chin, and is generally exposed to ridicule in the last of the comic scenes. I am "general utility." I will play what you please. My friends, I give you a chance to be satirical at my expense.

#### A RUFFED GROUSE ON HER NEST.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the editor of our American contemporary, the *New York Forest and Stream*, for the subject of our Illustration. "The Ruffed Grouse on Her Nest" was thus photographed by Messrs. A. C. McIntyre and Co., of Crossman House Studio, Alexandra Bay, Jefferson County, N. Y., a firm who are well known to tourists from their photographs of the magnificent scenery of the thousand islands on the River St. Lawrence. So far as we are aware, this is the only instance of a game bird being photographed from life upon her nest, and is an instance of the benefits likely to be conferred on practical natural history by the means of photography.

The Ruffed Grouse is a very handsome bird, similar in colour to our own Scotch grouse, and in situations where it is seldom shot at it seems to take a sort of pride in exhibiting its beauty in a stately and graceful manner. It weighs about a pound and a half, is plump on the breast, and its flesh—white, juicy, and delicate—is delicious eating. It is usually half spoiled in city restaurants by splitting and broiling. It ought to be roasted and served with bread-sauce. The ruffed grouse is extensively distributed from east to west, but is nowhere found in any great abundance. Its habits are not nearly so gregarious as those of the pinnated grouse, and no such multitudes are to be found anywhere of ruffed grouse as may often be met with of the former species in the great prairie States. The ruffed grouse is but seldom found in coveys, though sometimes a brood of full-grown birds are found

still together in some lonely nook among the woodlands, or in a solitary, sheltered spot in severe winter weather. It is generally found singly or in pairs, and loves sylvan solitudes, steep hillsides, wooded dells, and the neighbourhood of gullies and ravines. The rougher and more broken the country, the better the ruffed grouse like it, provided it is well timbered with trees and well covered with scrub. In places where it is seldom shot at the bird, at the approach of man, instead of taking wing, often spreads its tail, ruffles up the feathers of the neck, and struts off with the proud air of the true cock of the woods. In the spring of the year, at the approach of breeding-time, and at other seasons just before stormy, rainy weather, the male bird drums at dawn of day. It may sometimes, too, be heard performing this singular feat in the night, and on a sultry afternoon when a thunderstorm is brewing. The drumming is usually made on an old log, and each male bird seems to have his favourite place for the joyous performance. He begins by lowering his wings as he walks to and fro on the log, then making some hard strokes at intervals, and finally so increasing the swiftness of the movement that the sound is like the rapid roll of a snare-drum muffled by a position in the depths of the wood. The sound is very deceptive as to the place of the bird. He may be comparatively near, while his drumming really seems like muttered thunder a long way off. On the other hand, the hearer sometimes supposes the hidden drummer to be close at hand when he is at a very considerable distance. Just before rain the grouse drum frequently, and the repetition of this sound from various quarters in the daytime is a pretty certain indication



of the near approach of wet weather. The female builds about the first of May. The nest is formed of leaves and dead grass, and is built in some secluded spot or on the side of an old worn log—in fact, in just such a situation as that depicted in the illustration.

### HISTORICAL PLAYS.

It seems a question whether the interest in historical plays, re-awakened from so long a sleep by the success of Mr. Irving's *Charles the First*, is not dying out again for lack of sustenance; either authors do not write, or actors cannot play, or managers will not produce, dramas of this class sufficiently good to attract a public which is perpetually giving signs that it will welcome heartily good work of any sort. If it be allowed thus to die out it will be a matter for the very deepest regret on the part of all well-wishers of the stage; there can be few healthier signs than a genuine taste—not for processions and upholstery—but for the historical drama itself. Such a taste proves, first, that the stage possesses actors who can get out of themselves—can feel themselves the denizens of a past age, with other ways of thought and speech; and, second, that the play-going public is sufficiently cultured to follow the actors' example, and, instead of being repelled by men and women who talk about *i'fackins* and *marry come up* (instead of *Jove*, *you know*, and *quite too sweet*), feel that they are men and women as truly as ourselves, and take an interest as much in their differences from, as their likenesses to, the thinkers and talkers of to-day. For it is a very different thing to sympathise, either as actor or spectator, with one of Robertson's comedies and to really enjoy and appreciate a history of Shakspeare's; for example, in one of the latest plays of the modern society school, *Lady Flora*, by Mr. Coghlan, most of the players and of the audience met with nothing but their own characters and stories, or those of their friends; there was hardly anything dramatic in the piece, but one could not help being interested: every now and then some one of the *dramatis personæ* spoke words oneself had spoken, or listened to, in the comedy which goes on for ever outside the theatre; everybody knew the young fellow who was hopelessly in love with the rich Lady Flora, or the girl who had unconsciously grown into an engagement with the man she liked but did not love. A poet does not make poetry; he only brings us beautiful things of which we have to see the beauty and the meaning—which are one, and which are poetry; and in this modern comedy we were shown things whose poetry we had already in real life seen.

But in *Richard II.*, let us say, or *Coriolanus*, it needs some effort on the part of a mind not truly cultivated to see the poetry—that is, to understand the essence and the form of the things represented—helped though we are by the noble metre, and by the beauty of scene and costume. There is, we fear, but a small proportion of actors and of the public to whom Lord Melton is not a far more comprehensible being than Menenius; hundreds and thousands of English readers infinitely prefer Sam Weller to Falstaff—the one most glorious comic creation of all literature. The tears come readily enough when Mr. Toole brings upon the stage a jealous and despairing engine-driver; but it is not so easy to sympathise with Richard the dethroned—to whom say stalls and pit, after the manner of Jaques, "Nay, God be with you if you talk blank verse!"

Going to see modern plays is thus, we may say, *lazier* work than going to see Shakspeare; and five or six years ago playgoers were extremely lazy. Mr. Wills's *Charles I.* was the thin end of the wedge—it was very human, very picturesque, and exceedingly short; and then Mr. Irving led his audiences through Lytton's *Richelieu* up to Shakspeare. *Charles I.*, however, certainly had the merit of drawing *Cromwell* from its resting-place, and afterwards *Mary Queen of Scots* and other historical plays, of which the latest is *Buckingham*. Now it will be interesting to see whether it is attempted to make these plays strengthening to the intellects of playgoers—whether their authors had objects higher than the attainment of that easy flow of interest which throughout a Robertsonian comedy, if it never drops to apathy, never rises to enthusiasm. Historical plays should teach the broad truths of history, should show minutely why and how the great deeds of the world's life have been done, should make her great men live and make us love them. Does Mr. Wills, the successful historical dramatist of the day, attempt to do this, and succeed in doing it? Let us see.

There are, it need hardly be said, very different proportions of historical matter in different plays. *Julius Cæsar* and *Richard III.* are pure "histories;" they relate hardly anything which has not its place in the chronicles of their times—they contain no unhistorical characters. *Henry IV.* is history, largely filled up with pictures of companions of the hero as they may have been: *Macbeth* is founded on a historical incident, but is in no way fettered by the chronicles; most important details are supplied from the story of another similar crime. Modern historical plays, so-called, generally consist chiefly of the adventures of fictitious lovers, with a background of history, a sketch of the times in which they took place, often the introduction, as minor characters, of historic personages.

To this last species of play, though we regard it as generally hardly worthy of its title, we make no objection—but we think that authors who prefer it should feel themselves bound to follow the example set them by Shakspeare, their greatest master. Throughout his "histories" he is scrupulously faithful to history—that is to say, to the chronicles from whom he got his facts. He does not attempt to upset received notions, however erroneous he may possibly have thought some of them—that is the province of the historian—but he takes people and events exactly as the public have learnt to know them. He does not blacken his hero's opponents to make him stand out more brightly, nor does he whitewash the dethroned kings for whom he seeks our sympathy. As Holinshed paints a man, so Shakspeare embodies him—not troubling as to minute exactitude of dates, or insertion of undramatic facts, but giving us nothing inconsistent with the known events of a man's life or characteristics of his mind. In a word, Shakspeare's history was history; in proof of which the youth of England for three hundred years have taken it for their earliest and dearest text-book.

But Mr. Wills! In his latest play he gives us a *Buckingham* absurdly unlike the *Buckingham* we all know; a *Cromwell* whom the most bigoted Tory would surely refuse to recognise; and an Elizabeth *Cromwell* as purely a creation of the poet's brain as Caliban. His events are glaringly untrue to history; and instead of strengthening the intellects of his audience by giving them healthful work, he deliberately writes down to their debased love of "points," and sacrifices all vigour and truth to the meretricious show of a "strong" stagey situation. That the public is losing its interest in historical plays may be; but the failure of Mr. Wills's *Buckingham* certainly does not prove it. We do not want prettiness and trick, but strength, solidity, honesty of purpose: a play not professing to be strictly historical, like Mr. Taylor's admirable *Clancarty*, not only interests us, but teaches us far more than an unfaithful caricature like *Buckingham*.

### MR. IRVING IN "FUN."

THE chief topic of interest in theatrical circles during Christmas week has been the action for libel brought by Mr. Henry Irving against the publisher of *Fun*. On Dec. 24 Mr. George Lewis, jun., appeared at the Guildhall Police Court, and handed to Sir Robert Carden a copy of *Fun* containing the alleged libel, which was addressed "To a Fashionable Tragedian," and was as follows:—

Sir,—I read with regret that it is your intention—as soon as the present failure at your house can be with dignity withdrawn—to startle Shakspearean scholars and the public with your conception of the character of Othello. In the name of that humanity to which, in spite of your transcendent abilities, you cannot avoid belonging, I beseech you, for the sake of order and morality, to abandon the idea. For some years past you have been the prime mover in a series of dramas which, carried by you to the utmost point of realistic ghastliness, have undermined the constitution of society, and familiarised the masses with the most loathsome details of crime and bloodshed. With the hiring portion of the press at your command, you have induced the vulgar and unthinking to consider you a model of histrionic ability and the pioneer of an intellectual and cultured school of dramatic art. Having thus focussed the attention of the mob, you have not hesitated nightly to debauch its intelligence, to steep it in an atmosphere of diabolical lust and crude carnage, to cast around the foulest outrages the glamour of a false sentimentality. You have idealised blank-verse butchery until murder and assassination have come to be considered the natural environments of the noble and the heroic. Already the deadly weeds whose seeds you have so persistently scattered are spreading in rank luxuriance over the whole surface of society. Men revel in the details of the lowest forms of human violence; women crowd the public courts to gloat over the filthy details of murder and license; children in their nurses' arms babble the names of miscreants who have in sober earnest performed the deeds which you so successfully mimic for a weekly consideration. I maintain that for the disgusting bloodthirstiness and callous immorality of the present day you are in a great measure responsible. You have pandered to the lowest passions of our nature by clothing in an attractive garb the vilest actions of which we are capable. As a burgomaster, a schoolmaster, a king, a brother, a prince, and a chieftain, all of murderous proclivities, you have deluged the modern stage with the sanguine fluid, and strewn it with corpses. That a succession of such lessons could be harmlessly witnessed by mixed audiences it is absurd to contend. Let any thinking man look around him, and the fruits of this so-called elevation of the drama will be painfully apparent in a myriad incidents of our daily life. Elevate the drama, forsooth! You have canonised the cut-throat, you have anointed the assassin. Be content with the ghastly train of butchers you have foisted upon public attention, and let your next venture, at least, be innocent of slaughter. If your performance of *Othello* be trumpeted to the four winds of Heaven by the gang of time-serving reporters in your employ, you will increase the epidemic of wife-murder one hundred fold, and degrade the national drama a further degree towards the level of the "Penny Dreadful."—I am, Sir, your obedient servant, A DISINTERESTED OBSERVER.

Mr. Lewis said that Mr. Irving had played parts in *The Bells*, *Charles I.*, *Eugene Aram*, *Richelieu*, *Philip*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and it had been announced that he was to play *Othello*, so that there could be no doubt as to whom the article was intended for. There was no question that it was a deliberate attempt to injure Mr. Irving; and, if the expressed intent of the writer was carried out, there was no doubt that it would do Mr. Irving a great injury. He (Mr. Lewis) therefore asked for a summons against the printer and publisher of *Fun* for libel, and that it should be made returnable on Tuesday, so that those attacks might be put a stop to.

Sir R. W. Carden said that, having read the article, he could not imagine any other than a malicious motive in it, and he had no hesitation in granting the summons, as it was a scurrilous libel. The summons was then issued.

On Tuesday last Mr. James Judd, the printer of *Fun*, appeared before Sir Robert Carden in answer to the summons. Mr. Beard said that Mr. Judd had nothing more to do with the writing of the alleged libel than any other person in that court, and proceeded to complain of the short time which had intervened between the application for and the execution of the summons. A long discussion ensued as to whether the hearing of the case should then be proceeded with, or should be adjourned until some future time, in order to give Mr. Judd the opportunity of instructing the solicitor for the defence, or of making the acknowledged editor the defendant in the case. Eventually it was arranged that the case should be proceeded with as far as practicable, and that an adjournment should take place at the termination of the evidence for the prosecution.

Mr. Lewis, having again stated the case on behalf of Mr. Irving, called the latter and other gentlemen as witnesses.

Mr. John Andrews said he was common law clerk to Messrs. Lewis and Lewis, and on Nov. 23 he went to the office of *Fun*, No. 80, Fleet-street, and purchased the copy produced.

Mr. Frederick Clay, of No. 54, Seymour-street, Portman-square, said he had read the article in question, and in his judgment Mr. Irving was the person alluded to in that article.

Mr. Joseph Keech Aston, 3, Dean's-yard, Westminster, gave similar evidence. Neither of them was cross-examined.

### MR. IRVING IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

Mr. John Henry Brodribb Irving said he lived in Grafton-street, Bond-street. He had been an actor nearly twenty years, and for some years he had been professionally engaged at the Lyceum Theatre. He had there played in pieces called *The Bells*, *Charles I.* (written by Mr. Wills), *Eugene Aram* (also by Mr. Wills), *Richelieu*, *Philip*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*. *Hamlet* he had played two hundred nights, and *Macbeth* eighty nights. It had been advertised that he was to appear in *Othello*, and there was no doubt that the article referred to him. He had acted the parts of burgomaster in *The Bells*, the schoolmaster in *Eugene Aram*, a king in *Charles I.*, a brother in *Philip*, a prince in *Hamlet*, and a chieftain in *Macbeth*. The performance of *Macbeth* had not been a failure commercially—far from it. To say that it was, was an infamous falsehood. To say, "For some years past you have been the prime mover in a series of dramas which, carried by you to the utmost point of realistic ghastliness, have undermined the constitution of society and familiarised the masses with the most loathsome details of crime and bloodshed," was an infamous falsehood. It was utterly untrue to say, "With the hiring portion of the press at your command, you have induced the vulgar and unthinking to consider you a model of histrionic ability, and the pioneer of an intellectual and cultured school of dramatic art." It was utterly untrue, and he had no conception of what it referred to. It was infamously untrue to say, "You have not hesitated nightly to debauch its intelligence, to steep it in an atmosphere of diabolical lust and crude carnage, to cast around the foulest outrages the glamour of a false sentimentality." He thanked his God that it had not been his object or practice "to pandering to the lowest passions of our nature by clothing in an attractive garb the vilest actions of which we are capable." His object had been, and was, to elevate the drama as far as it was in his power. "As a burgomaster, a schoolmaster, a king, a brother, a prince, and a chieftain, all of murderous proclivities, you have deluged the modern stage with the sanguine fluid, and strewn it with

corpses." There was no truth in the whole of those statements. "You have canonised the cutthroat; you have anointed the assassin. Be content with the ghastly train of butchers you have foisted upon public attention, and let your next venture, at least, be innocent of slaughter." All that was untrue. "If your performance of *Othello* be trumpeted to the four winds of heaven by the gang of time-serving reporters in your employ, you will increase the epidemic of wife murder one hundred-fold, and degrade the national drama a further degree towards the level of the penny dreadful!" That statement was false. He had no reporters in his employ, and never gave any of them anything. He did not believe it was possible to have hiring reporters. He had a higher opinion of them, and considered them all honourable gentlemen. He did not know the writer of the article. He consulted his friends and his professional brethren on this matter, and placed himself in their hands. Some previous attacks he had treated with contempt, but they now advised him to place himself in the hands of Mr. Lewis.

Cross-examined by Mr. Beard: Prior to his performing at the Lyceum Theatre he had played many parts in comedies and dramas. Very favourable notices of those performances had appeared in *Fun* from time to time. Since coming to the Lyceum he had struck out in a higher line of acting. He had played the Burgomaster in *The Bells*, and that character was supposed to have committed a murder. His remorse was great, and it was all portrayed in a dream on the stage. There was a murder in *Eugene Aram*. It was founded on Hood's poem. *Richelieu* was written by Lord Lytton, and there was no murder in that. He had appeared in only two of Shakspeare's plays at the Lyceum. He knew Mr. Judd, the brother of the defendant. He did not apply to Mr. Judd for the name of the writer, but placed himself in the hands of his friends. Mr. Lewis did not apply for it. He had had adverse critiques on his acting in other papers, but he did not complain of them because they were critiques. Mr. Judd wrote him a letter expressing his regret that the article should have appeared.

Mr. Beard asked for the letter to be read.

Mr. Lewis declined to produce it.

Mr. Beard asked Mr. Irving if he had any objection to its being read in court.

Mr. Irving said he had not, but Mr. Lewis still declined to produce it.

Cross-examination continued: Knew Mr. Dutton Cook, who was the theatrical critic on the *Pall Mall Gazette*—in fact, he was a personal friend of his, and he had always cut him up (laughter). Mr. Cook was now on the *World* newspaper.

Re-examined: Mr. Dutton Cook was a gentleman of great ability, and one of the first art-critics in London. In tragedy there was often a murder—indeed, that created the tragedy. As an actor he had been criticised unfavourably, but he never found fault with that.

By Mr. Beard: Mr. Cook left the *Pall Mall*, but not in consequence of anything in connection with him (witness).

By Mr. Lewis: He left of his own accord.

This was the case for the prosecution.

Mr. Beard asked for a remand, and said that if the prosecution was withdrawn from Mr. Judd, who was merely the printer, they would give the name of the responsible editor of *Fun* and transfer the proceedings to him.

Mr. Lewis said that if in the meantime Mr. Judd was willing to hand to Mr. Irving the manuscript and furnish them with evidence as to who was the author of it, Mr. Irving would take it very much into his consideration.

Mr. Beard said that it was not fair to put it to him in that way. They could have a responsible man now in the editor.

Sir R. W. Carden said they also had a responsible man in the printer, and the law had very properly made him responsible for what he produced, for they could get at him when they could not get at the writer. He would adjourn the case until Friday, and Mr. Judd must enter into his own recognisances in £200 to attend on that day at the Court.

The recognisances were entered into, and the parties retired.

### A TORTOISE FIGHT.

EVERY line of this graceful picture betrays its origin. Beyond doubt we are indebted to a French artist for these luxurious beauties of the Orient. 'T would be looking a gift horse in the mouth with a vengeance to try to peer into the origin of this work of art; to wonder whether the artist gained his experience of the harem as Don Juan gained his; and then, by a natural association of ideas, to endeavour to imagine by what "open sesame" Mr. Lewis obtains access to those Turkish boudoirs which he represents with such a wealth of colouring on the walls of the Royal Academy. Lines of beauty more symmetrical than the French artist has displayed in this picture of languid belles of the harem it would be impossible to find; and for introducing to us so unfamiliar an episode in the enervating life of women in the East as this tortoise-duel the facile draughtsman who has so well reproduced the picture merits our thanks.

THE COMMITTEE OF FRENCH STEEPLECHASES have voted 4800 sovs for the Autuill Meetings of 1876.

DEATH OF MAJOR FRIDOLIN.—M. Charles Lafitte, better known in English and French racing circles as "Major Fridolin," died, at Paris, on Sunday night, at the age of seventy-three. He had been ill for some months. Amongst other races, he won the French Derby in 1865 with *Gontran* and in 1870 with *Bigarreau*, as well as the Grand Prize of Paris in the last-mentioned year with *Sornette*.

THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM by the Duchess of Edinburgh having been fixed for Saturday, Jan. 22, the date of the last ballot for fellows prior to the inaugural ceremony has been postponed to the 8th inst. At the general meeting of the Aquarium company, on Tuesday last, Mr. Henry Labouchere, the chairman, paid a well-deserved compliment to Mr. Wybrow Robertson and Mr. Bruce Phillips for the forward state of the building.

THE "Licensed Victuallers' Year-Book" for 1876 has just been issued from the office of the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*, 160, Fleet-street. This popular work is the recognised annual for the hotel and tavern keepers, brewers, distillers, vintners, &c., of the United Kingdom. Although a marvel of cheapness, being published at 1s. only, it is a bulky volume, filled with all kinds of useful information, interesting not only to the classes to which it is specially devoted but to all classes of society. The monthly calendar is accompanied with useful memoranda on gardening and other subjects. There are lists of Peers and Commoners, bankers, &c.; summary of occurrences in 1875, an obituary, a complete list of all the London and provincial associations connected with the Licensed Victuallers' trade, tables of imports and exports of wines and spirits, and a variety of other useful and interesting details. The work contains seventeen well-executed portraits of public personages, such as the famous brewers, Mr. Bass, Mr. Barclay, and Mr. Hambury, and others, with copious memoirs in each case. To Licensed Victuallers such a work must be invaluable, and its varied usefulness, combined with its handsome appearance, can hardly fail to make it acceptable to the general public.



**D'ALBERT'S TRIAL BY JURY**  
LANCERS. Just published, a New Set of Lancers, on Favourite Airs from Arthur Sullivan's Operetta. Illustrated in Colours. Price 2s., postage-free. Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s.  
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

**D'ALBERT'S SWEETHEART'S**  
WALTZ, on Arthur Sullivan's Popular Song. Price, post-free, 2s. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s.  
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

**D'ALBERT'S RINK GALOP.** Just published. Illustrated. Post-free, 2s. net. CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

**D'ALBERT'S FASCINATION**  
Valse a Trois Temps. Beautifully Illustrated. Post-free, 2s. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s.  
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

**D'ALBERT'S FLEUR DE THE**  
QUADRILLE, on Favourite Airs from Lecocq's Comic Opera. Illustrated. Post-free, 2s. net. Orchestra, 3s.; Septet, 2s.  
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

**DAN GODFREY'S NEW DANCE**  
MUSIC.  
THE ROYAL WELSH LANCERS. Illustrated.  
MOHAWK MINSTRELS' QUADRILLES, on Harry Hunter's Popular Songs. Illustrated.  
PLANTATION LANCERS, on Harry Hunter's Popular Songs. Illustrated.  
POLO LANCERS, on Popular Tunes. Illustrated.  
TITANIA WALTZ. Illustrated.  
ISIDORA WALTZ. New Waltz. Illustrated.  
Post-free for 2s. each net.  
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

**QUADRILLES FOR JUVENILES.**  
THE YOUNG SOLDIER QUADRILLE  
THE YOUNG SAILOR QUADRILLE  
Easily arranged on Military and Naval Tunes by E. F. Rimbaud, and beautifully Illustrated, making a very pretty musical present.  
Post-free 2s. each.  
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

**TRIAL BY JURY.** Dramatic Cantata, written by W. S. Gilbert, composed by ARTHUR SULLIVAN. Performed with immense success at the Royal Theatre. Complete for Voice and Piano-forte, 2s. 6d. net.  
CHAPPELL and Co., 50, New Bond-street.

**J. B. CRAMER and CO.'S Music and**  
Musical Instrument Warehouse.—Music sent at half price and post-free. Music Circulating Library, two to five guineas per annum. Musical Boxes, Guitars, Zithers, Concertinas, Metronomes, Dictators, &c.  
201, Regent-street, W.

**PIANOFORTES.**  
MOORE and MOORE.  
Three-Years' System.  
Terms from 2½ guineas per quarter.  
HARMONIUMS.—Terms from 1½ guinea per quarter.  
Illustrated Price-Lists post-free.  
Pianofortes from 16 guineas.  
Ware-Rooms—104 and 105, Bishopsgate-st., Within, E.C.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION**  
TO THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND  
DRAMATIC NEWS.  
Per Annum..... post-free ..... 1 7s. 6d.  
„ Half-year..... „ ..... 0 14s. 6d.  
„ Quarter..... „ ..... 0 7s. 6d.

Copies per inland post, direct from the Office, for any period at the rate of 6½d. for each Number, paid in advance.

Copies will be sent to the following places abroad, on thin paper, on the undermentioned terms:—To Australia, Belgium, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, France, Honduras, New Zealand, United States, and West Indies, per annum, £1 11s.; to Austria, Ceylon, China, Constantinople, Germany, Holland, India, Spain, and Switzerland, per annum, £1 15s. 6d.; to Italy, per annum, £2.

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, at the Publishing Office, 198, Strand, either in English money or by Post Office Order, payable to the Publisher, Thos. Fox, at the East Strand Post Office.

**THE most comfortable RESTAURANT**  
in LONDON. FIELDER'S (next door to the "Illustrated London News" Office): 199, Strand. Table d'Hôte at 5. Dinners à la Carte. Superior Wines.

BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

**THE SELF-BALANCING SAFETY DOG-CART**  
IS  
**SAFE IF THE HORSE FALLS,**  
AND COMBINES  
**A PERFECT BALANCE,**  
ONE, TWO, THREE, OR FOUR RIDING,  
**WITH ADJUSTING SHAFTS TO HORSES OF ANY HEIGHT.**  
**J. OSMOND,**  
INVENTOR AND PATENTEE,  
BREAKSPAR-ROAD, NEW-CROSS, S.E.

**COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, &c.—CHLORODYNE.**

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE** is the best and most certain Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, &c.

**DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.**—CAUTION.—None genuine without the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne" on the Government stamp. Overwhelming medical testimony accompanies each bottle.

Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London.  
Sold in Bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. each, by all Chemists.

**INDIGESTION!**

**INDIGESTION!**

**MORSON'S PREPARATIONS OF PEPSINE.**

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

SOLD in Bottles as WINE, at 3s., 5s., and 9s.; LOZENGES, 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d.; GLOBULES, 2s., 3s. 6d., and 6s. 6d.; and POWDER, in 1-oz. bottles at 5s. each.

BY ALL CHEMISTS AND THE MANUFACTURERS,

**T. MORSON & SON, Southampton-row, Russell-square, London.**

UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE.  
**VETERINARY INFIRMARY,**

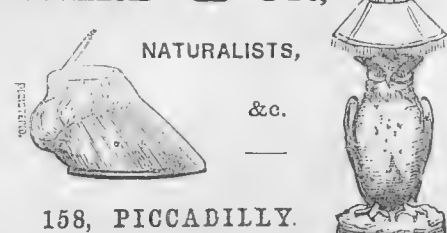


74, NEW-ROAD, GRAVESEND.

Contents of BARKER'S MEDICINE-CHESTS, all necessary Medicines for Horses, Cattle, and Dogs. No Farm or Stable complete without one.  
6. Colic and Gripe Mixtures for Horses and Cattle.  
6. Tonic and Stimulating Drinks for Horses.  
12. Physic Balls.  
12. Diuretic Balls.  
12. Calving and Cleansing Drinks for Cows.  
2. Bottles of Lotions for Sore Shoulders and Withers.  
12. Condition and Cordial Balls.  
2. Bottles of White Oils, for Sprains, &c.  
1. Bottle of Tincture.  
1. Can of "Barker's" celebrated Grease Ointment.  
1. Large Pot of Blistering Ointment.  
1. Ditto Box of Distemper Pills, for Dogs.  
The Whole complete in Case.  
Price 50s.

From George Barker, Veterinary Officer to the Borough of Gravesend.  
Preventive Drink for Cattle against Foot-and-Mouth Disease, now so prevalent, price 15s. per dozen, with instructions.

**WARD & CO.,**



158, PICCADILLY.

**GRAND NEW ILLUSTRATED**  
CATALOGUE of SWISS TRANSFER PICTURES, Magical, Conjuring, and Scientific Tricks and Puzzles. Chemical Amulets and Mysteries, Magic-Lantern Pictures. Model Steam and Sailing Boats, Steam-Engines, &c., from 1s. upwards, and many other things, profusely illustrated, gratis one stamp.  
E. R. THEOBALD, 9, High-street, Lower Norwood, S.E. London.

Now publishing,  
**THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON**  
ALMANACK for 1876,  
Price One Shilling, free by post, 1s. 2d.,  
containing  
SIX COLOURED PICTURES,  
Printed by Leighton Brothers' Chromatic Process;  
TWELVE ILLUSTRATIONS of OLD MODES OF LOCOMOTION,  
as Headings to the Calendar;  
TWELVE FINE-ART ENGRAVINGS;  
ASTRONOMICAL DIAGRAMMS of REMARKABLE PHENOMENA,  
with Explanatory Notes;  
And a large variety of useful information.

The ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK is inclosed in an elegant cover, printed in Colours by the same process as the SIX COLOURED PLATES, and forms a charming and pleasing ornament to the drawing-room table.

The SHILLING ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK is published at the Office of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 198, Strand, and sold by all Booksellers and Newsagents.

**ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY (Limited), 7, Bank-buildings, Lothbury E.C.**  
General Accidents. | Personal Injuries.  
Railway Accidents. | Death by Accidents.  
C. HARDING, Manager.

**SPRATT'S PATENT MEAT**  
FIBRINE DOG CAKES.

Our success has caused a number of counterfeit imitations to be made of highly dangerous and un-nutritious ingredients. They are sold by unprincipled tradesmen as ours for the sake of a small extra profit which the makers allow them.

Please observe that every cake is stamped "Spratt's Patent," without which none are genuine.

Address—  
Spratt's Patent, Henry-street, Bermondsey-street, S.E.

**STEPHEN GRANT,**



By Special appointment

to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and

H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh,

**BREECH-LOADING**

**GUN & RIFLE MANUFACTURER,**  
67A, ST. JAMES'S-STREET, LONDON.

**JOHN RIGBY & CO.,**  
**GUN AND RIFLE MAKERS,**

(ESTABLISHED 1770),

are now manufacturing to order

RIGBY'S PATENT SNAP-LEVER DOUBLE GUNS, with latest improvements in shooting power.

RIGBY'S BREECH-LOADING EXPRESS RIFLES, single and double, of various sizes.

RIGBY'S CELEBRATED MATCH RIFLE, which made highest score in Elcho Shield Match, Wimbledon Cup, Dudley and Lloyd's Cup Competitions, at Wimbledon, 1875.

Apply for Price-Lists

(with Remarks on Breech-loading Guns) to

24, SUFFOLK-STREET, DUBLIN;

and

72, ST. JAMES'S-STREET, LONDON, S.W.

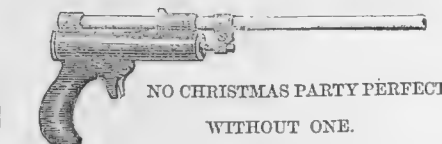
**DUCK-SHOOTING.**—Special 4-bore Single C F Breech-loading Guns; weight from 13lb to 14lb. Guaranteed to kill at over one hundred yards' range.  
Also 8-bore C F Double Guns, Choke-bored for extra long range.  
Full particulars of  
H. HOLLAND,  
98, New Bond-street, London.

**W. W. GREENER'S**

**PATENT**  
**TREBLE WEDGE-FAST**  
**BREECHLOADER.**

THE WINNING GUN AT THE LATE "FIELD" GUN TRIAL IN ALL THE CLASSES FOR IMPROVED BORING.

These Far-Killing Guns can be made to order with a modified choke to put a pattern of 130 to 170 with increased penetration (far superior to the old system). Full Choke Bore will average 240 in a 30m. circle at 40 yards with 1½ oz. No. 6 shot. These guns are being used by many of the best pigeon-shots in America, the principal prize having been won at the Memphis Tournament, U.S.A., with the Greener Guns.  
ST. MARY'S WORKS, BIRMINGHAM, and 68, HAYMARKET, LONDON.



NO CHRISTMAS PARTY PERFECT

WITHOUT ONE.

**HOW TO BECOME A DEAD SHOT.**  
Use the AMERICAN AIR PISTOL. It makes no noise; is perfectly accurate at twenty yards; can be used with darts or slugs. As a WINTER GAME for PARLOUR AMUSEMENT it has no equal. Baffle 20s.; Electro-pistol 25s. To be obtained at this price only of C. B. VAUGHAN, 39, Strand, London, W.C. Sent on receipt of P.O. Order. Full particulars on application. The trade supplied.

**HENRY W. EGG,**  
PATENT SNAP-ACTION GUNS.  
All the latest improvements.  
Express Rifles, Rook Rifles, Revolvers.  
1, Piccadilly, London.

**NOTICE.**—JOHN BLISSETT and SON, GUN, RIFLE, and PISTOL MAKERS, 98, High Holborn, are now making their guns with all the latest improvements. Long conversant with the requirements of Indian sportsmen, they guarantee a good gun or rifle at moderate cost.

**RIDING—ALLEN'S ROYAL**  
SCHOOL, 70, Seymour-place, Bryanston-square, Hyde Park, W.—Established 57 years. The hours for Ladies are from 10 till 12, and from 3 to 5 in the afternoon. Gentlemen from 9 till 10, and after 3 in the afternoon. Ponies for Children.

**CAUTION, WATERMARK—**  
TOBACCO.

Messrs. W. D. and H. O. WILLS intimate that, to prevent fraud, every packet of their "best Bird's-Eye" Tobacco now bears the Name and Trade Mark of their Firm both printed on and woven in the paper.

**LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR**  
RESTORER.—Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Restores the colour to grey or white hair in a few days. It is the best, safest, and cheapest. Sold by all Chemists.—J. PEPPER, 237, Tottenham-court-road, London, whose name and address are on the label, or it is spurious.

**JOHN GOSNELL AND CO.'S**  
**CHERRY TOOTH-PASTE,**

GREATLY SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER TOOTH-POWDER, gives the teeth a pearl-like whiteness, and protects the enamel from decay.  
Price 1s. 6d. per Pot.  
Angel-passage, 93, Upper Thames-street, London.

THE MARVELLOUS REMEDY FOR COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CONSUMPTION, AND ALL CHEST AFFECTIONS.

**PECTORINE.**

Sold by all Chemists, in Bottles, at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. each.  
Sent by the Proprietors upon receipt of stamps.

PECTORINE cures the worst forms of Coughs and Colds, Hoarseness, gives immediate relief in Bronchitis, is the best medicine for Asthma, cures Whooping-Cough, is invaluable in the early stages of Consumption, relieves all Affections of the Chest, Lungs, and Throat.  
Prepared only by SMITH and CLARKE, Manufacturing Chemists, Park-street, Lincoln.

**LA MAISON BOISSIER, CON-**  
FECTIONER, in PARIS, informs the Public that he has neither Shop, Dépôt, nor Representative in London.

**BAKER and CRISP'S**  
NEW DRESS FABRICS OF ALL NATIONS.  
Patterns sent free.  
The Largest, Cheapest, Newest, and best-selected Stock of Dress Fabrics in the Kingdom.  
Baker and Crisp, 198, Regent-street.

**BAKER and CRISP'S**  
CHEAP SILKS.  
Richest, Brightest, Widest, and most Durable.  
Black Silks, from 1 to 5s Full Dress.  
Patterns free.  
Plain, Striped, Checked, and Fancy Silks, from 25s. 6d.  
Japanese Silks,  
Every Shade of Colour. Also Striped and Fancy, from 10s. 6d.  
198, Regent-street.

**EVENING DRESSES.**  
EVENING DRESS FABRICS, from 6d. the yard.  
Patterns free.  
Evening Robes all ready to wear, charming and newest styles, from 16s. 9d. Engravings free.  
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street.

**SEALSKIN HATS.**—1000 Ladies' and Gentlemen's SEALSKIN HATS, Extraordinary—viz., Ladies' and Youths', 2s. 11d., 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., 5s. 6d., and 6s. 6d. each; Gentlemen's, 6s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. Any sent for three extra stamps.  
BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street.

**FINEST FRENCH MERINOS, 1500**  
Pieces, 1s. 9½d. to 2s. 11d. yard. All the New Tints for blending with Silk and other fabrics. The cheapest lots ever seen.  
Patterns free.—BAKER and CRISP, 198, Regent-street

**1000 NICHOLSON'S NEW DRESS**  
FABRICS.—1000 Patterns, representing all the New Materials for present Wear, forwarded (post-free) to any part of the world.  
D. NICHOLSON and CO.,  
post-free. 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

**1000 NICHOLSON'S NEW SILKS.**  
Striped, Checked, Broché, and Plain, in all the New Colours, from 2s. to 10s. per yard.  
Patterns 1000 Patterns post-free to any part.  
D. NICHOLSON and CO.,  
post-free. 50 to 52, St. Paul's-churchyard, London.

**H. WALKER'S Queen's Own**  
NEEDLES, Patent Ridged-Eyed. The easiest to thread or to work. Posted by dealers. Patentee of the Penelope Crochets. Improved Sewing-Machines, Fish-Hooks, &c.—Alcester; and 47, Gresham-street.

**OSLER'S GLASS CHANDELIERS,**  
WALL LIGHTS, and LUSTRES.  
CHANDELIERS in BRONZE and ORMOLU.  
Kerosene and Moderator Lamps for India and Home use.  
TABLE GLASS of all kinds.  
Mess, Export, and Furnishing Orders promptly executed.  
LONDON: Show-Rooms, 45, OXFORD-STREET, W.  
BIRMINGHAM: Manufactory and Show-Rooms, BROAD-ST.  
Established 1807.

**J. H. STEWARD'S BINOCULAR,**  
TOURIST, FIELD, or OPERA GLASSES.  
DEER-STALKING, SPORTING, AND OTHER TELESCOPES.

The high reputation these Glasses have attained induces J. H. Steward to invite all persons seeking a Good Glass to apply for one of his

NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUES, gratis and post-free to all parts.  
406, Strand; 66, Strand; 54, Cornhill; 63, St. Paul's-churchyard.

Opticians to the British and Foreign Governments, and the National Rifle Associations of England, America, and Canada (by appointment).

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

**CLARKE'S WORLD-FAMED**  
BLOOD MIXTURE is warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. For Scrofula, Scurvy, Skin and Blood Diseases, its effects are marvellous. In Bottles, 2s. 6d. each, and in cases (containing six times the quantity) 11s. each, of all Chemists. Sent to any address, for 30 or 132 stamps, by the Proprietor, F. J. CLARKE, Chemist, Apothecaries' Hall, Lincoln.

**GOUT and RHEUMATISM.**—The excruciating pain of Gout or Rheumatism is quickly relieved and cured in a few days by that celebrated Medicine, BLAIR'S GOUT and RHEUMATIC PILLS.

They require no restraint of diet or confinement during their use, and are certain to prevent the disease attacking any vital part.

Sold by all Medicine Venders, at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per box.

**ELECTRICITY IS LIFE**

**PULVERMACHER'S PATENT**  
**GALVANIC CHAIN-BANDS,**  
BELTS, BATTERIES, RECENTLY IMPROVED.  
Approved by the Academy of Medicine of Paris and other Medical Authorities in England and abroad.

The remarkable efficacy of these self-applicable Voltaic arrangements is so widely known, that, in contradistinction to those unprincipled advertisers who publish statements wholly on their own authority, Mr. Pulvermacher need only refer to the statements of others. The unimpeachable testimonies of these great authorities in favour of the marvellous curative power of his Medico-Galvanic system are too numerous for insertion here. These are compiled in the pamphlet,

"GALVANISM, NATURE'S CHIEF RESTORER OF IMPAIRED VITAL ENERGY."

sent post-free for 3 stamps. This mass of evidence therein is supplemented by the following paragraph recently found in the standard work (p. 76, 1875) of John King, M.D., Clinical Professor of Obstetrics, at Cincinnati:—

"These Chains are very useful in many Nervous Disorders:

Muscular Debility.	Dysmenorrhœa.
Hemiplegia.	Spinal Irritation.
Paralysis.	Nervous Debility.
Central Paralysis.	Constipation.
Spinal Paralysis.	Deafness (Nervous).
Neuralgia.	Rheumatism.
Sciatic.	Dyspepsia.
Stiff Joints.	Paralysis (Bladder).
Hysteria.	Chorea.
Hysterical Paralysis.	Impotency.
Aphonia.	Writer's Cramp.
Epilepsy.	Hysterical Cramps and Contractions.
Torpid Liver.	Loss of Smell.
Asthma.	Loss of Taste, &c."
Asmenorrhœa.	

For further information and Price-List apply to J. L. PULVERMACHER'S GALVANIC ESTABLISHMENT, 191, REGENT-STREET, LONDON, W.



## NOTICE.

**MESSRS. TATTERSALL** beg to give NOTICE that their SALES on MONDAY will commence at ELEVEN O'CLOCK until further notice, getting to the Boxes at 1.30.

**TO be SOLD by AUCTION**, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, JAN. 3, the following HORSES IN TRAINING, the property of a gentleman:—

1. DALHAM, a brown colt, 4 years old, by Cathedral out of Gertrude (the dam of Curate), by The Marquis out of Betsy Carr, by Fazzolotto out of Pink Bonnet, by Lanercost; winner of the Chesterfield Handicap at Goodwood, 1874, and the City and Suburban, 1875.
2. ASCETIC, a bay colt, 4 years old, by Hermit out of Lady Alicia, by Melbourne out of Testy.

**TO be SOLD by AUCTION**, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, JAN. 3, the following HUNTERS, the property of John Swan, Esq., Lincoln, who is unable to hunt. The horses are in hard hunting condition, and have been carrying 15st:—

1. THE BARON, 7 years old.
3. SHANDYGAFF, 8 years old.
3. SIR ROGER, rising 5 years old.

**TO be SOLD by AUCTION**, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, JAN. 3, the following BROOD MARES, the property of Sir Charles Rushout, Bart.:—

1. CYNTHIA (foaled 1856), by Harkaway out of Lady Barbara, by Launcelot; covered by The Rake.
2. ETHEL (foaled 1859), by Ethelbert out of Idyl, by Ithuriel, covered by Brown Bread.
3. SWEET AGNES (foaled 1871), by Saccharometer out of Ethel; covered by Umpire.
4. MOONBEAM (foaled 1864), by Wild Dayrell out of Cynthia, by Harkaway; covered by Atherstone.

**TO be SOLD by AUCTION**, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, JAN. 3, the property of a gentleman:—

**THE SWIFT** (foaled 1867), a bay horse, by Blair Athol out of Terrible, by Touchstone—Ghuznee, by Pantaloon, &c. He is a horse of great power, standing over 16 hands, with great depth, on short legs, full of quality, with a fine temper, and a good stock getter. He was a good racehorse, and is only parted with because his owner wants a change of blood. To be seen at Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush.

**TO be SOLD by AUCTION**, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, JAN. 3:

1. PEACOCK, aged, by North Lincoln out of Peahen.
2. PICCON, 5 years old, by Yorkminster, dam by Freney.

**TO be SOLD by AUCTION**, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, JAN. 3, the property of a gentleman:—

**LIFE GUARDSMAN**, a Yorkshire coaching horse, dark bay, with black legs, by Captain of the Guards out of a magnificent bay coaching mare of Mr. Easby's; her dam was also a grand bay coaching mare. Captain of the Guards was by Guardsman out of Mr. Fawcett's Paulinus, by Mr. Burton's Old Paulinus; her dam by Gamon, granddam by Lambkin, great granddam by Mr. Agar's Old Horse.

Life Guardsman is a very fine specimen of the Yorkshire coaching horse. From his pure coach-bred lineage, great power, size, substance, height, action, handsome appearance, and colour, which he inherits from a long line of bay horses and mares, he is exactly what is required to beget the large London bay carriage-horses for which there is always such an enormous demand. Can be seen at Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, W.

**TO be SOLD by AUCTION**, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, JAN. 3, the following STEEPLECHASE HORSES IN TRAINING, the property of a gentleman:—

1. LORD COLNEY, chestnut horse, by Cathedral out of Violet, by Thormanby; with engagement in Croydon International Hurdle Race, with £500 added.
2. YORROCKS, bay gelding, by Commotion out of Mrs. Harkaway.
3. BOSCOBEL, brown gelding, by Caterer out of May Bell.
4. BROWN HORSE, by Bel Demonio out of Fairy, by The Hermit.
5. WESTLAND, black horse, by Narbonne out of Miss Adelaide, by Happy Land.
6. INCHCOLM, chestnut colt, 3 years old, by Cathedral out of Peg Fife; with engagements, under Lord Exeter's conditions.
7. CHESTNUT GELDING; a good hunter.

**TO be LET by AUCTION**, by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, JAN. 10, the GLASGOW STUD STALLIONS for 1876. Fifteen of the most powerful thoroughbred horses in the country to be let for next season. May be seen at the Stud Farm, near Enfield, on application to Mr. Gilbert:—

1. GENERAL PEEL.
2. BROTHER TO STRAFFORD.
3. STRAFFORD.
4. THE DRAKE.
5. BEAUVALE.
6. OUTFIT.
7. RAPID RHONE.
8. BROTHER TO RAPID RHONE.
9. ROAN HORSE, by Brother to Bird-on-the-Wing out of Rapid Rhone's dam.
10. FIRST FLIGHT.
11. YOUNG TOXOPHILITE.
12. CLEVELAND.
13. TOM BOWLINE HORSE.
14. MAKE HASTE.
15. DE LACEY.
16. ALEXANDER.

May be seen at any time at the Stud Farm, near Enfield.

**TO be SOLD by AUCTION** by Messrs. TATTERSALL, near ALBERT-GATE, HYDE PARK, on MONDAY, JAN. 10, the following HORSES, well known with the Blackmore Vale Hounds, the property of Philip W. R. Peck, Esq.:—

1. HALTER-PATH, bay mare, 16 hands high, 6 years old; very clever, up to 15st.
2. KILMINGTON (late Lion King), brown gelding, 15 hands 2 inches high; up to 16st, a splendid fencer, water, stone wall, and big timber jumper.
3. YENSTON, chestnut gelding, 16 hands 1½ inch high, 7 years old; up to 16st, very bold and clever, and a splendid water jumper, has been in harness.
4. BABIL, bay mare, 14 hands 3 inches high; very fast and clever, and a good boy's horse, carries a lady, has been driven in single and double harness, and as leader in a team.

## STALLIONS.

1876.  
Stallions at Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

**JOSKIN** (Sire of Plebeian, winner of the Middle Park Plate), by West Australian out of Peasant Girl, by The Major (son of Sheet Anchor)—Glance, by Waxy Pope—Globe, by Quiz. At 20gs, and one guinea the groom.

**THE KNIGHT OF ST. PATRICK** (sire of Knight of the Crescent, Moslem, Orangeman, Tenedos, The Knight, Queen of the Bees, &c.), by The Knight of St. George out of Pocahontas (the dam of Stockwell, Ratanian, King Tom, &c. Thoroughbred mares 10gs, 10s the groom).

**THE WARRIOR**, a white horse, 16 hands 1 inch high with great power and bone, fine action and temper, by King Tom out of Woodnymph, by Longbow—Mrs. Gill, by Viator—Lady Fractious, by Comus. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s the groom, half-bred mares at 5gs and 6s the groom.

**RUPERT** (foaled in 1866), a red roan horse, 16 hands 2½ high, by Knowsley out of Rapid Rhone's dam, by Lanercost or Retriever, her dam Physalis, by Day Middleton—Balcine, by Whalebone. Knowsley was by Stockwell out of Brown Bess (General Peel's dam), by Camel, by Whalebone. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs, half-bred mares at 5gs, unless sold before Jan. 1.

All subscriptions for thoroughbred mares to be taken of Mr. Tattersall, at Albert-gate; half-bred mares of Mr. Elmer, at Highfield Hall, St. Albans, within two miles and a half of three lines of railway—viz., the Midland, London and North-Western, and Great Northern. All letters to meet mares, &c., to be sent to Mr. Elmer, Highfield Hall, St. Albans.

1876.

At Shepherd's Bush, three miles from Albert-gate.

**LORD LYON** (winner of the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby, and St. Leger), foaled 1863, by Stockwell out of Paradigm (dam of Man-at-Arms, Bluemantle, Gardeveure, and Achievement), by Paragon—Ellen Horne, by Redshanks—Delhi, by Plenipo, the sire of many winners, third on the list in numbers, 1875; latest winner, Water Lily; at 25gs, and 1 guinea the groom.

**COSTA**, a brown horse, by The Baron out of Catherine Hayes (winner of the Oaks), by Lanercost out of Constance, by Partisan out of Quadrille, by Selim.

Costa is a bay horse, 15 hands 3 inches, with large bone and plenty of power. He was a good racehorse at all distances. At 10gs, and 10s the groom.

**CLANSMAN**, a brown horse, by Roebuck, dam by Faughaballagh out of Makeaway, by Harkaway out of Clarinda, by Sir Hercules; Roebuck, by Mountain Deer out of Marchioness d'Eu, by Magpie out of Echidna, by Economist.

Clansman is a dark brown, without white, and has got prize hunters. He comes of a large stock on both sides. The only thoroughbred mare put to him produced Brown Sarah, a winner. At 5gs thoroughbred, and 3gs half-bred mares, and 5s the groom.

Apply to D. Dollamore, Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, for half-bred mares; and to Mr. Tattersall, Albert-gate, for subscriptions to thoroughbred mares.

Old Oak Farm, Shepherd's-bush, is within a mile of a first-class station at Kensington, with a communication with almost all the main lines, where mares can be sent.

At Bamber Park, near Horncastle, Lincolnshire,

**SUFFOLK**, by North Lincoln out of Protection (dam of Margery Daw), by Defence, at 15gs a mare, groom's fee included. All Suffolk's stock, with one exception, that have started are winners, including The Ghost, Sailor, Baumber, &c.

Apply to Mr. W. Taylor Sharpe as above.

At the Stud Company's Farm, Cobham, Surrey,

**CARNIVAL**. Thirty Mares (including the Company's), at 50gs. The subscription to this horse is full.

**GEORGE FREDERICK**. Twenty mares (including the Company's), at 50gs. The subscription to this horse is full.

**CATERER** (sire of Pace, Leolinus, Allumette, &c.), at 40gs.

**WILD OATS**. Thirty-five mares, at 25gs.

**CHATTANOOGA** (sire of Wellington and John Billington), by Orlando out of Ayacantha, by I. Birdcatcher, her dam Pocahontas (dam of Stockwell), at 15gs.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Foaling mares 25s. per week, barren mares 20s. per week.

Apply to J. GRIFFITH, Stud Groom.

At BUCKLAND COURT, near Reigate.

**KING OF THE FOREST**, by Scottish Chief, out of Lioness, by Fandango, fifteen mares, besides a few of his owner's, at 30gs a mare, and 1 guinea to the groom. Subscription list full.

Apply to Thomas Cartwright, as above.

At Moorlands Stud Farm, York.

**SPECULUM**. A limited number of Mares, at 50gs; Groom's fee, 1 guinea.

**KNIGHT OF THE GARTER**, at 25gs; Groom's fee, 1 guinea.

**MARTYRDOM**, at 1½gs; Groom's fee, 10s.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Apply to JOHN HUBY, Stud Groom, as above.

At Bonehill Paddocks, Tamworth.

**PERO GOMEZ**, at 50gs a Mare.

**MUSKET**, at 40gs a Mare.

Foaling Mares, 25s.; Barren Mares, 20s. per week.

For further particulars, apply to Mr. P. SCOTT, as above.

At Woodlands Stud, Knitsley Station, Co. Durham.

Apply to Stud Groom for full particulars.

**MACGREGOR**, by Macaroni, at 15gs.

**STENTOR** (sire of Absalon and Salmigondis, two of best in France), by De Clare—Songstress (winner of Oaks), at 10gs.

**IDUS** (best horse of 1871), by Wild Dayrell, at 10gs.

At Easton Lodge, Dunmow, one hour and a half from London and the same from Newmarket.

**BERTRAM**, a limited number of mares, at 15gs each.

**GROUSE** (sire of Game Bird, Lady Louisa, &c.), own brother to Laburnum, by King Tom out of own sister to Blink Benny, thoroughbred mares, 10gs; half-bred, 5gs; farmers' mares, 3gs.

Apply to Mr. WALKER, as above.

**NEWBRIDGE-HILL STUD FARM, BATH.**

**ASTEROID** (Sire of Siderolite), by Stockwell out of Teetotum, by Touchstone—Versatility, by Blacklock. Thoroughbred mares at 10gs and 10s the groom.

HENRY HOPKINS, Stud Groom.

To serve mares, 1876, in the Cleveland district of Yorkshire.

**MERRY SUNSHINE** (own brother to Sunshine), by Thormanby (winner of the Derby) out of Sunbeam (winner of the St. Leger), by Chanticleer, her dam Sunflower, by Bay Middleton. Merry Sunshine having won the £200 prize at Guisborough, will serve all mares at £2 12s. 6d., groom's fee included.

Apply to W. T. SHARPE, Esq., Baumber Park, Horncastle.

## DURHAM RACES, EASTER MONDAY AND TUESDAY, APRIL 17 and 18, 1876.

On Tuesday first, Jan. 4, the three principal Handicap Stakes for this meeting close and name. They are:—

**FIRST DAY.**

The DURHAM HANDICAP of 15 sovs each, 10 ft, 5 if declared, with 200 sovs net added, for three-year-olds and upwards. One mile and a half.

The CORPORATION PLATE HANDICAP of 100 sovs, for three-year-olds and upwards. Entrance, 3 sovs each. One mile.

**SECOND DAY.**

The NORTH DURHAM HANDICAP of 7 sovs each, 5 ft, 2 if declared, with 100 sovs net added, for three-year-olds and upwards. One mile and a quarter.

For full articles and particulars see "Racing Calendar" for this week (No. 54), or apply to Mr. THOMAS CRAGGS, Clerk of the Races, Stockton-on-Tees.

## NEWCASTLE RACES, SUMMER MEETING, 1876-7.

The following valuable stakes for this meeting close and name on Tuesday first, Jan. 4, 1876, namely:—

**1876.—SECOND DAY.**

The TYRO STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 150 sovs added, for yearlings of 1875, to run at two years old in 1876; weight for sex. New T.Y.C.

**1877.—FIRST DAY.**

The NORTH DERBY of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 150 sovs net added, for yearlings of 1875, to run at three years old in 1877; weight for sex. One mile and a half.

**1877.—SECOND DAY.**

The SEATON DELAVAL STAKES of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 200 sovs net added, for foals of 1875, to run at two years old in 1877; weight for sex. New T.Y.C.

For full articles see "Racing Calendar" of this week (No. 54), or apply to Mr. THOMAS CRAGGS, Stockton-on-Tees, Clerk of the Course.

## STOCKTON RACES, 1876.

These Races take place on TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and THURSDAY, AUG. 15, 16, and 17; and the following popular Two-Year-Old Stake closes and names on Tuesday first, Jan. 4, namely:—

**FIRST DAY.**

The CLEVELAND STAKES of 5 sovs each, with 100 sovs net added for Two-Year-Olds of 1876. T.Y.C.

For full article and particulars see "Racing Calendar" of this week (No. 54), or apply to Mr. THOMAS CRAGGS, Clerk of the Course, Stockton-on-Tees.

## HAMPTON SUMMER MEETING

will take place on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, JUNE 22 and 23, 1876.

The following Two-Year-Old Stakes close on Tuesday, Jan. 4, and Nominations are to be made on or before that date, to Messrs. Weatherby, No. 6, Old Burlington-street, London; or to Mr. C. J. Langlands, of Epsom, Clerk of the Course.

**FIRST DAY.**

The CLAREMONT STAKES of 10 sovs each, 3 ft, with 100 sovs added; for colts 8st 10lb, and fillies 8st 7lb; penalties for winners; the owner of the second horse to save his stake. Half a mile.

**SECOND DAY.**

The KING HAL STAKES of 10 sovs each, 5 ft, with 100 sovs added; for colts 8st 10lb, and fillies 8st 6lb; penalties and allowances; the second horse to save his stake. New T.Y.C.; five furlongs.

Entrance, 2 sovs to the fund, which will be the only liability if forfeit be declared by the first Tuesday in April.

## HAMPTON AUTUMN RACES, THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, OCT 5 and 6, 1876.

**SECOND DAY.**

The GARRICK STAKES of 10 sovs each, 2 ft to the fund, if declared by six o'clock the night before running, with 50 sovs added, for colts 8st 10lb, and fillies 8st 7lb; penalties for winners. Five furlongs.

Judge—Mr. J. F. CLARK.

Starter—Mr. M'GEORGE.

Clerk—Mr. C. J. LANGLANDS, Epsom.

## THIRSK SPRING MEETING, 1876.

will take place on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, APRIL 6 and 7.

Under the Newmarket Rules of Racing and the usual rules and regulations observed at this meeting.

The following races close and name to Messrs. Weatherby, 6, Old Burlington-street, London; Mr. Richard Johnson, St. Mary's, York; or to Mr. T. S. Dawson, Clerk of the Course, Hungerford House, Malton, on Tuesday, Jan. 4, 1876.

**FIRST DAY.**

The HAMBLETON PLATE (Handicap) of 100 sovs, for three-year-olds and upwards; a winner of any race after the weights are published ( ) to carry 7lb, twice, or of 100 sovs 10lb extra; any number of horses the property of the same owner may run for this Plate; entrance, 3 sovs, to go to the fund. Six furlongs, straight.

The SOWERBY WELTER HANDICAP PLATE of 50 sovs for three-year-olds and upwards; a winner of any race after the weights are published ( ) to carry 7lb, thrice, or of 100 sovs 10lb extra; entrance 2 sovs, to go to the fund; any number of horses the property of the same owner may run for this plate; professionals, 6lb extra; about one mile and a quarter.

**SECOND DAY.**

The TYRO PLATE of 100 sovs for two-year-olds, colts, 8st 10lb, fillies and geldings, 8st 7lb; a winner before starting to carry 5lb, twice, or of a stake value 100 sovs 10lb extra; maidens at the time of starting allowed 3lb; any number of horses the property of the same owner may run for this plate; entrance 3 sovs to go to the fund; about half a mile, straight.

The Falcon Plate (handicap) of 50 sovs for three-year-olds and upwards; a winner of any handicap value 100 sovs after the weights are published ( ) to carry 10lb, of any other race 6lb extra; any number of horses the property of the same owner may run for this plate; entrance 2 sovs to go to the fund; five furlongs, straight.

The Thirsk Handicap of 5 sovs each, 2 ft to the fund, with 100 added, for three-year-olds and upwards; the winner of any race after the weights are published ( ) to carry 5lb, twice or of 100 sovs 10lb extra; the second to save his stake; about one mile and a half.

## BATH and SOMERSET COUNTY MEETING, 1876, will take place on TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, and 24.

(Under the Newmarket Rules, and the usual regulations of this Meeting.)

The following stakes close and name on Tuesday next, January 4, 1876, to Messrs. Weatherby, London; or to Mr. John Sheldon, Temple Chambers, 50, New-street, Birmingham:

**FIRST DAY.**

The JUVENILE STAKES of 10 sovs each, 3 ft (to the fund), with 100 sovs added, for two-year-olds; colts 8st 12lb, fillies and geldings 8st 9lb; the second horse to save his stake; any winner before starting to carry 5lb extra; maidens allowed 7lb. Straight half-mile.

**SECOND DAY.**

The WESTON STAKES of 10 sovs each, h ft, with 100 sovs added, for two-year-olds; colts 9st, fillies and geldings 8st 11lb; the produce of untried horses or mares allowed 3lb; if both, 5lb, and to be claimed at the time of naming; the winner of any stake of 200 sovs value before starting to carry 3lb, 400 sovs 5lb extra; weights not to be accumulative; maidens allowed 5lb. Five furlongs.

Mr. JOHN SHELDON, Temple Chambers, 50, New-street, Birmingham, Clerk of the Course.

## ASHDOWN OPEN COURSE MEETING

(by the kind permission of the Earl of Craven), will take place on MONDAY, FEB. 21, 1876, and following days, when the following Stakes will be run for:—

The CRAVEN CUP, for 64 dogs and bitches, all ages, at £6 10s. each, p.p., with a piece of Plate added of the value of £50.

The UFFINGTON CUP, for 32 Dogs and Bitches of 1874, £6 10s. each, p.p. Full.

The above stakes to close and name to the hon. sec., at the Red Lion, Lambourne, before four o'clock p.m., on Monday, Feb. 21, 1876, after which the Draw will take place. All nominations p.p.

Double Nominations not granted. An early application is requested.

There are only a few nominations left in Craven Cup.

COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT.

The EARL OF CRAVEN, COL. GOODLAKE, V.C. W. LONG, Esq. C. F. ALLISON, Esq.

J. EAST, Esq.

JUDGES—Mr. Wentworth.

SLIPPERS—A. Luff and A. Nailard.

H. F. STOCKTON, Hon. Sec.

67, London-road, Brighton.

## SALISBURY, 1876.

The following Stakes close and name to Messrs. Weatherby or the Clerk of the Course, the first Tuesday in January (Jan. 4).

**FIRST DAY.**

The SALISBURY STAKES, for two-year-olds. Half a mile.

**SECOND DAY.**

The WILTON PARK STAKES, for two-year-olds. Three-quarters of a mile.

**1877.**

The LONGFORD CASTLE STAKES, for two-year-olds. Half a mile.

Particulars, see "Sheet Calendar," No. 53.

Mr. HENRY FIPS, Clerk of the Course.

## BIRMINGHAM STEEPLECHASES.

FEB. 8 and 9, 1876.

The following close on Tuesday next, Jan. 4, to Mr. J. Sheldon, Temple Chambers, 50, New-street, Birmingham; Messrs. Weatherby, London; Mr. R. Johnson, St. Mary's, York; or to Messrs. Pratt and Barbrook, 28, Conduit-street, London:—

**FIRST DAY.**

The ERDINGTON PLATE (Handicap) of 100 sovs; entrance, 3 sovs (to the fund). About three miles.

**SECOND DAY.**

BIRMINGHAM GRAND ANNUAL HANDICAP of 15 sovs each, 5 ft, with 200 added; entrance, 3 sovs (to the fund), which is the only liability if declared; the second horse to receive 25 sovs out of the stakes. About three miles and a half.

CRAVEN CUP, value 100 sovs, by subscription of 10 sovs each, 5 ft; the surplus to be paid to the winner; four-year-olds 10st 3lb, five 11st 8lb, six and aged 12st 3lb; the winner of any steeplechase (either in plate or specie) value 200 sovs to carry 7lb extra, of 300 sovs 10lb extra, of 400 sovs 14lb extra; maiden four-year-olds allowed 3lb, five 10lb, six and aged 14lb; six-year-olds and upwards, not being maidens, but have not won 50 sovs in 1874, 1875, or 1876, allowed 9lb; penalties and allowances apply to horses that have won or have been beaten in any country. About three miles.

The PAGET HANDICAP of 100 sovs; entrance, 3 sovs, to go to the fund. About two miles.

Earl of AYLESFORD, Lord WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE, Lord MARCUS BERESFORD, Lord CHARLES INNES KERR, Sir MORGAN CROFTON, Bart., Captain MACHILL, J. DE HELEY CHADWICK, Esq., F. J. LEIBERT, Esq., Mr. JOHN SHELDON, Temple Chambers, 50, New-street, Birmingham, Clerk of the Course.

## AT FINSTALL PARK FARM, BROMSGROVE.

**CARDINAL YORK**, by Newminster. Limited to twenty-five mares, at 40gs each.

PAUL JONES, by Buccaneer. Limited to twenty-five mares, at 20gs each.

Foaling mares, 25s. per week; barren mares, 18s. per week. Apply to Stud Groom.

## ALDRIDGE'S, London; established 1753.—SALES by AUCTION of HORSES and CARRIAGES on every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 11 o'clock precisely.

Stalls should be engaged a week before either sale day. Horses received on Mondays and Thursdays, from 9 to 12 o'clock. Accounts paid on those days only, between 10 and 4. Cheques forwarded to the country on written request. The sale on Wednesday next will include 150 Brougham and Phaeton Horses from jobmasters, with Hacks and Harness Horses, Cobs and Ponies, from noblemen and gentlemen, new and secondhand Carriages, Harness, &c. W. and S. FREEMAN, Proprietors.

## BARBICAN REPOSITORY.

**MR. RYMILL will SELL by PUBLIC AUCTION**, every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, commencing at Eleven o'clock, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY HORSES, suitable for professional gentlemen, tradesmen, cab proprietors, and others; active young cart and van horses for town and agricultural work; also a large assortment of carriages, carts, harness, &c.

## DAY, SON, and HEWITT'S STOCKBREEDERS' MEDICINE CHEST,

For all disorders in HORSES, CATTLE, CALVES, SHEEP, and LAMBS.

and particularly recommended for Cows Calving, and Ewes Lambing, and for Scour or Diarrhoea in Lambs and Calves; also for Colic in Horses, and all cases of Debility in Stock. Price complete, with Shilling Key to Farriery, £2 16s. 6d. Carriage paid.

22, Dorset-street, Baker-street, London, W.

## GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

**EPPS'S COCOA.**

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—See article in the "Civil Service Gazette."

Made simply with boiling water or milk.

Sold only in packets (tins for abroad), labelled, JAMES EPPS and CO., Homoeopathic Chemists.

48, Threadneedle-street; and 170, Piccadilly; Works, Euston-road and Camden Town, London.

(Makers of Epps's Glycerine Jujubes, throat irritation.)

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 198, Strand, in the Parish of St. Clement Danes, in the County of Middlesex, by Thomas Fox, 198, Strand, aforesaid.—SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1876.



**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.  
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**



Gesture also will you learn from him. And I venture to assert that once you have mastered his system you will be astonished to find how many emotions may be expressed by a few actions.

There may remain a point or two whereupon the tragedian will not deliver instructions—as, for instance, in the matter of costume. Nor, indeed, is it possible to lay down any rule which shall be at once precise and inclusive. But I may say, generally, that in illustrating tragedy—no matter at what period or in what clime the scene is laid—you will be expected to exhibit a considerable portion of arm and bosom. And the more voluminous your skirt, and the more lengthy your train, the more of these will you be expected to expose.

When off the stage affect the society of literary people. Talk of poetry. Have theories on art. Be studiously negligent in attire. And, though you may not have a particle of ability in you, they will speedily discover you to be a person of genius. And be sure their discoveries will eventually become crystallised into newspaper paragraphs honourable to them and grateful to you.

It may be some time before you have the coveted opportunity of attempting the revival of tragic art. By following to the letter my instructions and those of your paid preceptor, that time—if it is to come at all—will be vastly hastened.

Bless you, my child!

DRAMATISTS OF THE DAY.

No. II.—MR. W. S. GILBERT.

We hardly know whether the presence of Mr. Gilbert at the head of our little band of living British playwrights is to be considered a proof of the weakness or of the growing strength of dramatic art in England. No one would, we imagine, dream of comparing him to dramatists with the power, knowledge of the stage, and charm of Sardou and Augier: so that his intellectual supremacy here speaks badly for the English stage. On the other hand, one might argue that the attractive power of the theatre must be growing rapidly—must be gaining that overwhelming strength which every now and then draws almost all the genius of a country into one channel—when it can secure for itself the exercise of talents so great, and so undramatic, as Mr. Gilbert's.

For we maintain that Mr. Gilbert was not born to be a play-writer at all. With all the care with which he has set himself to learn the art of construction, with all his power of criticising the dramatic work of others (readers of the defunct *Illustrated Times* will remember his admirably keen and just reviews of the plays of half-a-dozen years ago), he has not, it would seem, the dramatic instinct without which no man can write complete and satisfactory plays. Their immense superiority to their rivals of the day in originality, brilliancy, and polish of versification made *Pygmalion* and *Galatea* and *The Palace of Truth* greatly and deservedly successful; but even in these works—their author's best—there always seemed to us a lack of breadth and warmth, of richness and spontaneity, fatal to their claim to a high place in a region of art which, like the drama, so pre-eminently needs humanity, fulness and freshness of life.

And, naturally, when his subjects have been taken from ordinary human life, Mr. Gilbert's want of sympathy and of dramatic instinct has had more noticeable and unfortunate effect. He is, in many ways, curiously unlike his immediate predecessor Robertson; and while the latter—a perfect master of the stage in a small way, and the most kindly and sympathetic of writers—gave us, in his series of plays of modern life, a perfect gallery of lovable people, alive and delightful, the characters in Mr. Gilbert's *Charity*, *On Guard*, *Quits*, *Randall's Thumb*, never remain in our memory as anything more than cleverly-constructed stage-figures, most of whom, to tell the truth, would, if we could meet them in real life, be very disagreeable acquaintances.

This is to a great extent owing to the singular hardness and argumentativeness of the style of Mr. Gilbert's dialogue. In his blank verse there is an utter absence of ease and variety of rhythm, with a superabundance of such heavy and unpoetic words as *incalculably*, *infinitesimally*, *unreservedly*; while his prose is a series of little mathematical treatises, or chains of reasoning—the natural extreme, no doubt, of the rather pedantic style of speech just now fashionable (with its perpetual use of such words as “logically,” “simply,” “physically impossible,” &c.), but none the less out of place on the stage, where language should always be as free, easy, and impassioned as possible. “Sloppy” and careless dialogue should, of course, always be avoided; but the marks of careful preparation are much too evident in Mr. Gilbert's best plays—the later ones especially—and the art that conceals art is almost entirely wanting.

Let us go quickly through the catalogue of Mr. Gilbert's principal works, noting the chief characteristics of each, and the qualities which have made his fame, and those which would seem to bind it so firmly within certain limits, will both be apparent. Parenthetically we may remark that he is a bar-rister, but has devoted himself entirely to literature; that he has written a good deal of dramatic criticism, principally for the *Illustrated Times*; and that he first became widely known by his “Bab Ballads,” contributed to *Fun* in its palmy days, when he was also writing the clever and original parodies of popular plays, in a sort of skeleton form, of which *Tom Cobb* here and there so irresistibly reminded us.

His first stage works were some capital burlesques—*Dulcamara*, *La Vivandière*, &c.—a farce or two; and a pantomime; and even in his burlesques he showed the tendency to reform and to originate which has ever since distinguished him—doing away with, one after another, music-hall melodies, stale puns, low comedians in women's clothes, and the incessant and un-varying breakdowns of old-fashioned burlesque. Since then he has originated musical “eccentricities”—generally founded on French farces—political burlesques (which had, we are happy to say, but a very short existence), travestied “cantatas,” and—most important of all—“fairy comedies,” which proved a sort of blank-verse stepping-stone between Robertsonian comedy and Shakspearean tragedy, between the Prince of Wales's of six years ago and the Lyceum of to-day.

*The Palace of Truth*, *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*, and *The Wicked World*—these are Mr. Gilbert's three fairy comedies: his three most noticeable works. They are all in blank verse (with no use of prose in the broadly comic parts), all assume the existence of some powers of magic—in the first there are enchantment and a talisman, in the second the Greek deities enter into the action, and in the third most of the characters are superhuman, a sort of nymphs, male and female; and in all three plays Mr. Gilbert has fettered himself with the rules of unity which Aristotle is wrongly thought to have imposed upon the drama. More than this, the three plays are alike in the fact that in each the principal characters are left at the end in almost exactly the same position as that in which they

were discovered,—and this is a characteristic of nearly all the author's plays; if he begins with two young people in love, the same two young people are about as much in love when he ends; his plays are only episodes in the lives of their heroes and heroines—or, rather, are only episodes in their courtships, showing neither the commencement nor the conclusion, but only some temporary disturbance in the middle. Only in the case of *Galatea* is a whole life's story told—and that is a life of less than twenty-four hours.

The distinctive feature of these plays is that in each of them Mr. Gilbert has exercised his curious faculty of looking at life upside down: under circumstances entirely opposed to those under which in this workaday world we live. This, while it adds greatly to the difficulty of his work, gives it an originality which is very attractive: though the effect of *The Palace of Truth* upon its inhabitants is almost too subtle for stage purposes, and is not always consistently carried out, and though *Galatea*, as a psychological study, is a good deal too much for Mr. Gilbert, both plays are so thoroughly new, so unlike anything that has been done before on the stage, that one cannot wonder at the attention they have aroused in the literary world, accustomed for so many years to hold in supreme contempt the productions of the modern British theatre. It is not too much to say that no other English dramatic author of the last fifty years could have written these fairy comedies; indeed, we are not sure that Mr. Gilbert may not be defined, by virtue of this curious originality of his, as that rarest of black swans, a genius—which means, as we take it, some one with a distinct line of his own, who can do something that no one else ever could do in quite the same way.

*The Palace of Truth*—for which, we may remark, the way was paved by the *Princess*, a blank-verse extravaganza founded on Tennyson's poem—the first of Mr. Gilbert's fairy comedies, is a piece which would be over-cynical in tone were it not for the Buckstonian humour of King Phanor, the principal male character; and which would be justifiable in its satire were it not for the unpleasant effect of Mirza's so nearly successful treachery—it is surely a mistake in art to give throughout the piece, till all but her very last speech, to an utter hypocrite a succession of such lines as these:—

As shines this crystal in the sun, so shines  
A perfect woman in the light of truth.  
The modest beauties of a spotless life  
Remain unknown and unsuspected, till  
A ray of truth-light starts them into life,  
And shows them—all unwilling—to the world.

In this comedy, however, are some of Mr. Gilbert's most successful touches of humorous cynicism; especially funny is the sham musical critic, who discourses learnedly of—

The simple tetrachord of Mercury  
That knew no diatonic intervals,  
And the elaborate dis-diapason  
(Four tetrachords, and one redundant note)  
Embracing in its perfect consonance  
All simple, double, and inverted chords!

although one cannot help feeling that some of his speeches are a little out of place in any work, not absolutely burlesque, whose scene is laid in the Middle Ages; an objection which applies also to several lines in *Pygmalion*, especially the sculptor's entirely nineteenth-century “I am an artist and a gentleman.”

*Pygmalion* and *Galatea* is an altogether higher work than its predecessor; indeed, in one or two of *Galatea*'s speeches—especially in that describing her sleep—Mr. Gilbert gets so very near poetry that enthusiastic audiences were quite to be pardoned for thinking that a new Shakespeare, or, at all events, a dramatic Tennyson had arisen. His blank verse is still, as a rule, weak and monotonous—hardly so good, indeed, as in the *Palace of Truth*—but the fact that in it is expressed real and original thought more than counterbalances its metrical defects.

The story of *Galatea* is most charming and tender; the attempt to conceive and render her character is, as we have already said, a failure—to give consistent ideas and feelings to a statue just vivified is a task of enormous difficulty, and the mere attempt is, perhaps, praiseworthy in its boldness; but we cannot think that her scenes with *Pygmalion* and *Chrysos* need have been made at once so absurd and so offensive as they are. There is some suggestion of character in *Cynisca*; but the other parts are mere lay figures, *Chrysos* only standing out because he has been written to suit the style of Mr. Buckstone, who played him with splendid unctuousness.

*The Wicked World* was an altogether inferior work, and will be remembered principally by its very successful political parody, *The Happy Land*, written by Mr. Gilbert himself. The comedy contained some half-dozen entirely colourless fairies, and a good deal of dialogue much more unpleasantly suggestive than witty; the burlesque brought upon the stage, with questionable taste, three of the leading statesmen of the day, “in their habit as they lived,” and was decidedly more amusing than its original. Very similar in its main idea to *The Wicked World* is the new fairy-play *Broken Hearts*, of which more need not be said in this column, as a criticism of it appears on another page.

Of Mr. Gilbert's prose comedies, the first, *An Old Score*, contained promise which has perhaps never been fully carried out. It was not perfect in construction, and there was a fatal want of interest about the principal characters; but Harold Calthorpe and the Colonel had more vitality than almost any of the men their author has since given us; indeed, his subsequent young men have nearly always been failures, entirely unheroic, and, as a rule, without either manliness or intellect. There is a sameness also about his heroines, certainly, but it is a much better sort of sameness; they have power and character, and are generally ladies, which is a good deal in itself.

*On Guard* was little more than a string of singularly ill-bred repartees. Mr. Gilbert at the time declared it, in his opinion, superior to *Pygmalion* and *Galatea*; but we notice that he has wisely omitted it from the volume just published, which contains his collected works. Of *Randall's Thumb* the third act was dramatic and strong, but the rest weak; the comic scenes were generally thought too farcical, and the play excited little interest. *Charity*, the last of Mr. Gilbert's Haymarket comedies, was a play “with a purpose.” Though wanting in breadth and ease, it had power, and hardly deserved to be the failure it was. Miss Robertson gave us, in its third act, very far the best attempt at tragic acting we have had from her, and showed that our stage possessed at least one thoughtful, ambitious, and conscientious actress.

*Sweethearts* was, we think, the most perfect little thing Mr. Gilbert has written, especially as its ultra-cynicism was toned down by Mrs. Bancroft's wonderful tenderness and charm; and it is the last of his works which we need mention, except his capital “absurdities” *The Wedding March*, *Committed for Trial*, and *Trial by Jury*, memorable as altogether the funniest things of their generation.

COUGHS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.—Medical testimony states that no other medicine is so effectual in the cure of these dangerous maladies as Keating's Cough Lozenges, which are sold by all Chemists, in Boxes, at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d.—N.B. They contain no opium or preparation hereof.—[ADVT.]

Chess.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. F. H. MARKHAM, W. G., HERMIT, and J. BATHURST.—The solutions are correct.  
S. H. and HERMIT.—There is no solution as you suggest. If you play 1. Q to Kt 4, Black is stalemated.  
W. P.—Thanks for the information.  
H. MORGAN.—There is certainly no solution in two moves in the position you have sent us.

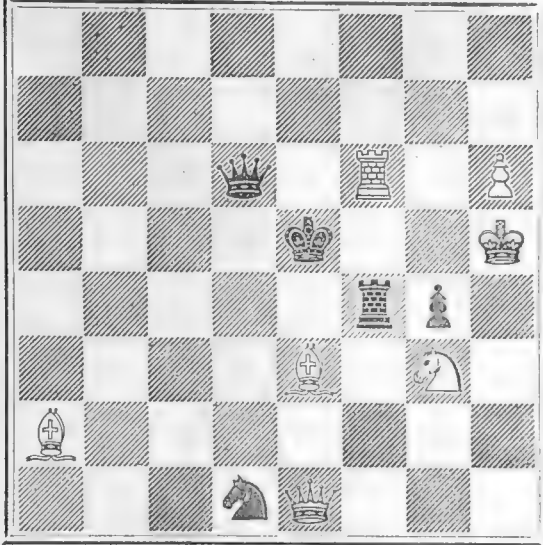
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 79.

WHITE. BLACK. WHITE. BLACK.  
1. Q to Q R sq K moves 2. Kt mates.

PROBLEM No. 80.

By Mr. T. TARRANT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. ZUKERTORT AND POTTER.

The following was the concluding Game but one in the late match. (Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. Z.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. Z.)
1. P to Q 4	P to K 3	34. R takes R (ch)	Q takes R
2. P to K 3	Kt to K B 3	35. Kt to Q 4	P to Q R 4 (c)
3. P to Q Kt 3	P to Q 4	36. R to B sq	Kt to K R 3
4. B to Kt 2	B to K 2	37. B to Q 6	Kt to B 3
5. Kt to K B 3	P to B 4	38. Q to K sq	Kt to Kt 5
6. Kt to R 3	Castles	39. Kt to B 3	P to Kt 6
7. Kt to B 2	Kt to B 3	40. B to R 3	Q to B 2
8. B to K 2	Kt to K 5	41. Q to B 3	P to R 5
9. Castles	B to B 3	42. Kt to R 2	Kt takes Kt
10. P to Q 4	P to Q Kt 3	43. K takes Kt	Q to Q sq
11. B to K 3	B to Kt 2	44. P to Kt 3	P to R 3
12. Kt to K 5	B takes Kt	45. K to Kt sq	Q to Q 2
13. P takes B	P to B 4	[Third hour]	
14. P to B 3	Kt to Kt 4	46. R to K sq	Kt to R 2 (d)
15. Q to K sq	P takes P	47. Q to Q 4	Q to B 3
16. B takes P	Kt to R 4	[Third hour]	
17. B to Kt 5	Q to K 2	48. P to K 4	P takes P
18. Q to Kt 3	Q R to Q sq	49. R to K 3	Kt to B sq
19. B to B 3	Kt to B 3	50. P to Kt 4	B to R 3
[First hour]	[First hour]	51. P to Kt 5	Q takes P
20. Q R to B sq	P to R 3	52. Q takes Q	B takes Q
21. B to K 2	Kt to B 2	53. R takes K P	B to Q 4
22. P to B 4	Kt to R sq	54. R takes P	P takes P
23. P to K R 4 (a)	P to Q Kt 4	55. R takes P	K to B 2
24. P to R 3	P to Kt 5	56. B to B 5	K to K sq
25. P takes P	P takes P	57. K to B 2	K to Q 2
26. B to Q 4	R to B sq	58. K to K 3	K to B 2
27. B to Kt 6	Kt to B 2	59. P to Kt 6	Kt to Kt 3
28. B to B 4	K Kt to Q sq	60. B takes Kt (ch)	K takes B
29. Q R to Q sq	Q Kt to Kt sq	61. K to Q 2	K to Kt 4
30. R to Q 6	R takes B (b)	62. R to R 7	B to K 5
31. P takes R	K Kt to B 2	63. K to B 3	B takes P
[Second hour]	[Second hour]	64. K takes P	K to B 4
32. B to B 5	R to Q B sq	65. R takes P	B to B 4
33. R to B 6	Q to Q 2	66. R to Q 7	B to K 5
		67. K to B 3	Resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) Well played. If the Knight now go to Knight 3, White advances the Rook's Pawn, and the adverse Queen cannot be played to K R 5 without losing a piece.
- (b) The sacrifice of the “exchange” is, perhaps, the best course. At any rate, it relieves him from the restraint of his position.
- (c) He clearly could not take the Bishop, on account of 36. Kt takes K P.
- (d) We should have preferred retiring the Knight to K 2nd.

DATES OF PRINCIPAL RACES IN 1876.

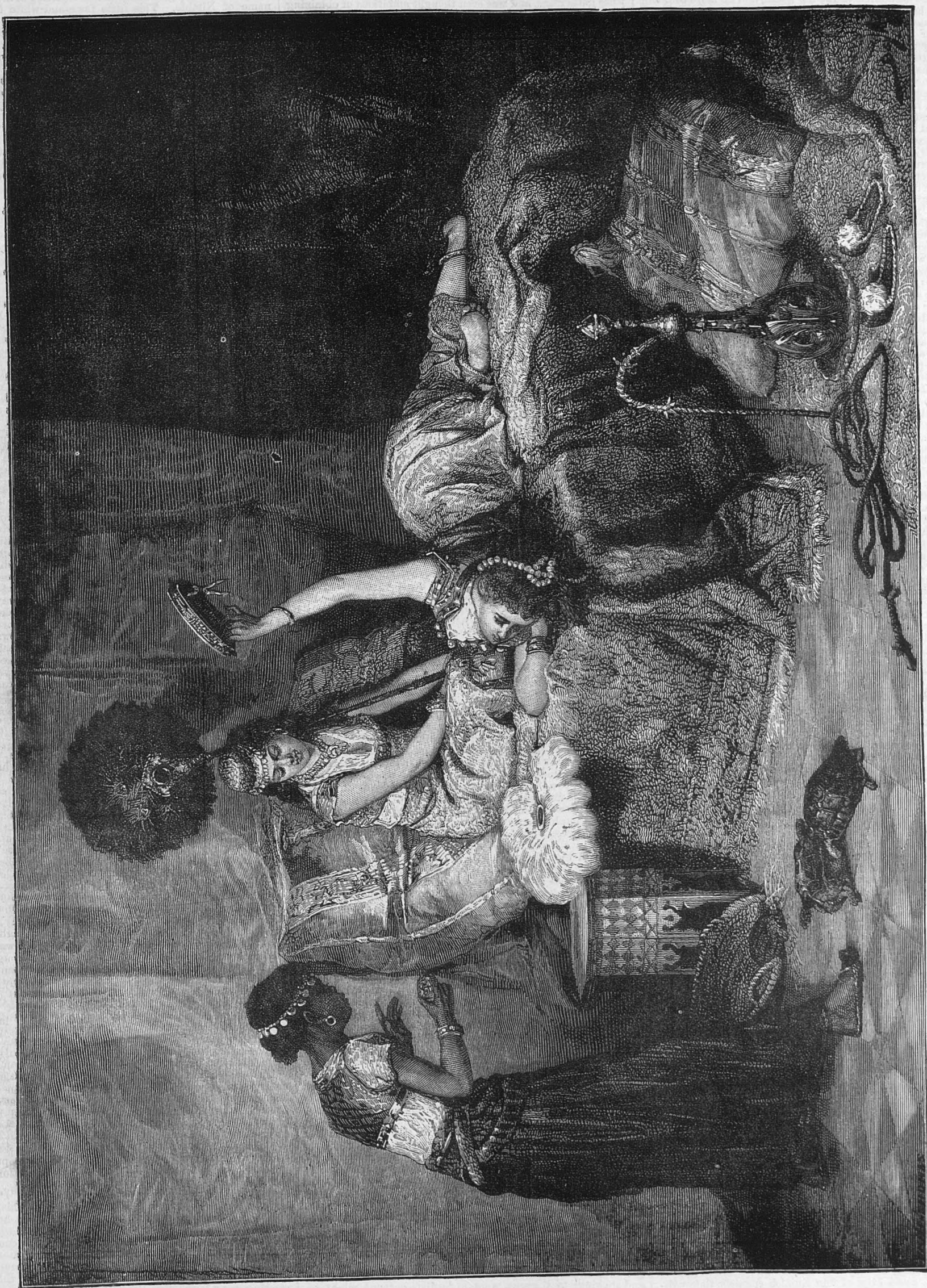
Birmingham Grand Annual Steeplechase (about 3 miles 4 fur)	Wednesday, Feb. 9.
Croydon United Kingdom Steeplechase (about 4 miles)	Wednesday, March 8.
Bristol Royal Steeplechase (about 4 miles)	Thursday, March 14.
Lincolnshire Handicap (about 1 mile)	Wednesday, March 22.
Liverpool Steeplechase (about 4 miles 4 fur)	Friday, March 24.
Northamptonshire Stakes (1 mile 4 fur)	Wednesday, March 29.
Newmarket Handicap (1 mile 4 fur)	Wednesday, April 19.
City and Suburban (1 mile 2 fur)	Tuesday, April 25.
Great Metropolitan (2 miles 2 fur)	Wednesday, April 26.
Two Thousand (1 mile 17 yards)	Wednesday, May 3.
One Thousand (1 mile 17 yards)	Friday, May 5.
Chester Cup (2 miles 2 fur)	Wednesday, May 10.
French Oaks, Chantilly (about 1 mile 2 fur)	Sunday, May 21.
Great Northern Handicap, York (1 mile 6 fur)	Tuesday, May 23.
Somersetshire Stakes (1 mile 5 fur)	Wednesday, May 24.
French Derby, at Chantilly (1 mile 4 fur)	Sunday, May 28.
Derby (about 1 mile 4 fur)	Wednesday, May 31.
Oaks (about 1 mile 4 fur)	Friday, June 2.
Manchester Cup (about 1 mile 4 fur)	Wednesday, June 7.
Grand Prize of Paris (about 1 mile 7 fur)	Sunday, June 11.
Ascot Stakes (2 miles 4 fur)	Tuesday, June 13.
Ascot Royal Hunt Cup (1 mile)	Wednesday, June 15.
Ascot Gold Cup (about 2 miles 4 fur)	Thursday, June 15.
Northumberland Plate (2 miles)	Wednesday, June 23.
Newmarket July Stakes (5 fur 136 yards)	Tuesday, July 4.
Cumberland Plate (1 mile 6 fur)	Wednesday, July 5.
Newmarket Chesterfield Stakes (3 fur 212 yards)	Thursday, July 6.
Liverpool Summer Cup (about 1 mile 4 fur)	Thursday, July 13.
Goodwood Stewards' Cup (6 fur)	Tuesday, July 25.
Goodwood Stakes (2 miles 4 fur)	Wednesday, July 25.
Goodwood Cup (2 miles 4 fur)	Thursday, July 27.
Goodwood Chesterfield Cup (1 mile 2 fur)	Friday, July 28.
Brighton Stakes (1 mile 6 fur)	Tuesday, Aug. 1.
Brighton Cup (about 2 miles)	Wednesday, Aug. 2.
Lewes Handicap (2 miles)	Saturday, Aug. 5.
Great Ebor Handicap, York (2 miles)	Wednesday, Aug. 20.
Great Yorkshire Stakes (1 mile 6 fur)	Thursday, Aug. 24.
Doncaster Champagne Stakes (5 fur 152 yards)	Tuesday, Sept. 12.
Doncaster St. Leger (1 mile 6 fur 132 yards)	Wednesday, Sept. 13.
Doncaster Cup (about 2 miles 5 fur)	Friday, Sept. 15.
Newmarket Great Eastern Railway Handicap (6 furlongs)	Tuesday, Sept. 28.
Newmarket October Handicap (1m 2 fur 73 yds)	Friday, Sept. 29.
Cesarewitch (2 miles 2 fur 28 yards)	Tuesday, Oct. 10.
Middle Park Plate (6 fur)	Thursday, Oct. 12.
Criterion Stakes (6 fur)	Monday, Oct. 23.
Cambridgeshire (1 mile 240 yards)	Tuesday, Oct. 24.
Dewhurst Plate (7 fur)	Thursday, Oct. 25.
Liverpool Autumn Cup (1 mile 4 fur)	Thursday, Nov. 9.
Great Shropshire Handicap (1 mile)	Wednesday, Nov. 15.





SUMMER-IN-WINTER AT THE JARDIN DES PLANTES.





A TORTOISE FIGHT.



## A PRIVATE COURSING MEETING.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY was one invariably set apart for a day's coursing over the property of the lord of the manor of our district—a gentleman who patronised the sport not so much from any especial pleasure he took in its pursuit as from a conviction that the fame and wishes of his ancestors, who had been coursers for generations, should be upheld in his own proper person, and the farmers not be suffered to allege that things were all altered at the big house, and no more coursing was to be had in the country. This county magnate affected rather to despise coursing as a sport; would never keep greyhounds for match-coursing himself; never interested himself in the accounts of the great meetings at Newmarket, Amesbury (which latter name, by-the-way, should be Ambrosebury, if Dr. Johnson may be regarded as an authority), or Waterloo; and certainly never invested a shilling on any course competed for at those celebrated grounds. We could have forgiven him all this—nay, would have felt surprised if he could have taken any interest in reading the details of match-coursing after having had an insight into the methods by which those spirit-stirring particulars are concocted; but we couldn't quite forgive his absenting himself from the field when all his tenants were gathered around him. I recollect an eminent coursing reporter saying to me, once, when there were yet three more courses to be witnessed before the conclusion of the day's sport, "Never mind; I'll get the information at the dinner, in the evening. I want to see Matt Dawson, the trainer, which is of more consequence to me. And, besides, if it's wrong, who the — is to contradict you?" What vexed us most was that, although any amount of provender and liquor was to be had for the asking, and even a car laden with provisions was sent out upon the ground, of which all were free to partake, the Squire very rarely himself put in an appearance at our annual meeting; and some of the farmers did not like such conduct, and failed not to give loud voice to their dissatisfaction whenever a convenient opportunity offered.

We proceeded to our private coursing on the most approved principles, and had an army of hare-finders, who were always ready with a number of "see hos!" on the eventful morning. As was our practice with such windfalls in hare-hunting, we always considered the finder of a sitting hare entitled to half-a-crown. It may easily be supposed, therefore, that in a country where hares were tolerably plentiful, a good hare-finder found no difficulty in earning twelve or fifteen shillings, and sometimes more, for his day's work. "The opulent and luxurious inhabitants of Gaul," says that most genial and instructive of sporting writers, Mr. Daniel, "used to send out good hare-finders early in the morning to those places where it was likely to find hares sitting; they returned to their employers with an account of the number of hares found, who then mounted their horses and took out their greyhounds to course them. Not more than two greyhounds were to be run at once, and those were not to be laid in too close to the hare; for although the animal is swift, yet, when first started, she is so terrified by the hallooing, and by the closeness and speed of the dogs, that her heart is overcome with fear, and, in the confusion, very often the best sporting hares were killed without showing any diversion; she was, therefore, allowed to run some distance from her seat before the dogs were set after her. The best hares were those found in open and exposed places; they did not immediately try to avoid the danger by running to woods, but, whilst contending in swiftness with the greyhound, moderated their own speed according as they were pressed. If overmatched in speed by the dog, they then tried to gain ground by frequent turns, which threw the dogs beyond them, making at the same time their shortest way to the covers or nearest shelter. The true sportsman, even in Arrian's time, did not take out his dogs to destroy the hares, but for the sake of seeing the contest between them, and was glad if the hare escaped, which was never prevented by disturbing any brake in which she might have concealed herself after beating the greyhounds." These were the tactics pursued by our farmers to the letter, and surely any other or more unfair taking advantage of poor puss would be generally execrated as the most cowardly and nefarious poaching. It would be as if

Stout Ajax with his anger-coddled brain,  
Killing a sheep, thought Agamemnon slain.

Though all farmers as a rule, and ours in particular, were very covetous of the possession of one or two hares for their own consumption at the end of the day, even if the squire himself was left minus his customary batch.

One of the most amusing accounts of a private coursing meeting with which I have ever been entertained is to be found in "Newton Dogvane." I have a lively recollection of that description, and it is well worth perusal by all who would enjoy a good laugh over a very natural bit of bucolic sporting. The judge had been presented with a handsome leg of mutton by one of the coursers, upon the understanding that the former was to adjudge the prize to his benefactor. But, unfortunately for the success of this amicable arrangement, the other dog won and his owner was declared entitled to the prize.

"Look here, Bill," said the discomfited presenter of the leg of mutton. "Didn't I send you as fine a leg o' mutton as was ever seed, weighin' twelve pounds and more, with trimmings? Now, what's the meanin' o' this?"

"That very true, John Smith, and very thankful I am to you; but, you see, the other man sent me a leg o' mutton too, and he was exactly one pound heavier than yours. I weighed 'em both myself, and I know it's right."

I write from memory, and do not pretend to give the story in the original words, but that will be found to be the substance, and the whole account can be read in the book I have mentioned. It is a favourite plan of coursing writers to boast of the interest taken by ladies in this popular pastime. Miss Richards, of course, is generally walked out for inspection when a notable example of a lady passionately fond of coursing is wanted. But here is a singular specimen, indeed, of a lady admirer of dogs, if she may be judged by the following advertisement which has been copied into Thacker's "Coursers' Annual," as a contrast to what might have been expected from Miss Richards under similar circumstances:—"Wanted, a Nurse.—The Signora Marchesa Siffanti di San Bartolomei is in want of a young healthy wet nurse. Her services will be required for a small litter of fine English spaniels, thoroughbred, the maternal parent having died while giving them birth. Nurse to reside in the house. Wages 100 francs per month. Chocolate in the morning; breakfast with the Marchesa; dine with the servants, and sleep with the dogs." This is taken from an Italian journal. "Surely," says the Earl of Wilton, "coursers need not after this be at a loss to know what to do should their female pets produce more than what they can conveniently nurse."

We had a duly-appointed judge, a gentleman who had officiated once or twice at a public meeting, and who was a candidate for still higher honours in a professional capacity; but whether he is ever likely to reach eminence in the world as a coursing judge my readers must determine for themselves after, I have recounted his performances on this memorable

occasion. We had flag stewards, beaters, and a particularly intelligent "fewterer," or slipper, as that hard-worked, conscientious, and responsible individual is more generally, perhaps more vulgarly, termed. Several men showed upon horseback, and, as our country was rather rough going, we had little beyond a few crops of abortive turnips to take into consideration in the way of damages. We had only one competitor of acknowledged repute, who was supposed to be many cuts above the ordinary run of coursing farmer; for this gentleman had contended at prize gatherings, and was even thought ambitious of obtaining a nomination for the Waterloo Cup, in such spanking form was his kennel and breeding held. He had some years before procured a very highly-bred bitch from the stud of the Earl of Sefton, and, by judicious crossing with other well-known and approved strains, had at length become possessed of some young animals fit to contend anywhere and in any company. Of course, such a great sporting luminary condescended to shine in our limited horizon only in a patronising and encouraging manner, and not at all as an actual participant in the sport—in fact, just as an usher at a grammar-school might be expected to join in a game of football with his scholars. "A quid or two" might be quoted as the general order of the day as regarded betting; and the magnate farmer was not at all above entering his dogs for such small sums, for he felt tolerably secure of winning every course he ran for and of pocketing the "quid or two" merely at the expense of giving his dogs a little healthy training exercise. We did not have a draw dinner; and, as our chief object was the killing in a sportsman-like manner a few hares—or as many as we could—we experienced little or no difficulty in "pairing" for competition when on the ground.

"Here, what d'e say, Mr. Jones? Let me and you have a turn. Come on, d—'e! It's only for a couple of quid. What d'e say?"

"Oh, d—'e! I don't mind; but my old dog ain't up to much, I'm thinking. Never mind, put 'n in the slips and let 'n do his best."

And in this manner the matches were made up, the proprietors of the greyhounds speculating their small sums together; and the spectators, most of whom were well acquainted with the capabilities of the dogs, making their investments according to their opinions and information, or leaving the thing alone altogether, just as they chose. Some of these spectators, comprising chiefly the younger branches of the agricultural grandees of the locality, were bold and venturesome spirits; and I fear that many a surreptitious "quid" was invested on individual courses whose transference afterwards entailed some difficulty in explanation.

Miscellaneous and indiscriminate betting of this kind, without positive information from training quarters, and without "reliable" tips from gentlemen who philanthropically devote their time and energies to the compilation of facts by which you may speculate so as never to lose a farthing on coursing, is in the highest degree objectionable, and almost seems like a wilful neglect of the blessings provided for people by the outlay of a penny for a morning newspaper. Strange infatuation, that a man should lay out "a quid or two" in backing his own opinion in a friendly coursing-match, and disregard the means of certain winning on nobler fields by adopting and acting upon the information afforded him by those able and disinterested writers on "public form," and the rest of it! Here is the mighty Hooper, with his kennel of thoroughbreds—"None of your d—d country-bred mongrels, but animals with pedigrees as long as their own tails." Mr. Hooper's performances are watched by many a queer-looking nondescript, who is taking stock of his young greyhounds with a view to future market manipulation, and of coming out later on with the discovery of a "dark" candidate. The slipper's business is no sinecure, so particular are the competitors in their instructions about "giving 'em plenty of throat-room;" and the judge, after each course, is besieged by an expectant crowd of spectators to learn from him on what grounds he has given his decision, they themselves having all the while determined in their own minds all about the correctness or otherwise of it. There being no properly-appointed stewards as in match coursing, the unhappy judge was at everybody's beck and call, and a very pretty life they led him, and richly he deserved the condemnation he received on more than one occasion. Killing the hare was considered by the generality as the greatest point of merit in all coursing, and it was difficult to make them understand that the mere kill did not always entitle a greyhound to be adjudged a winner. I do not know, if the Gauls used greyhounds after those animals had learnt to run cunning. We certainly did, and not a few of the hares killed that day went to the credit of two or three old stagers, without whose sagacious assistance we should have had but a sorry day to boast of. We actually had a reporter for the newspaper out with us, no doubt from the importance given to the meeting by the attendance of Mr. Hooper with some of his renowned breed of greyhounds. But if the slipper and the judge got bullied to some tune, their treatment was merciful compared to that experienced by that miserable scribe. That he knew nothing whatever about coursing, and was not conversant with the commonest terms used in the sport, was not of the least consequence, for he had nothing to do but to take down the descriptions from the nearest farmer, who was ever ready to give him all the necessary and most incorrect information. After any course in which the judge was considered to have given a wrong decision—and somebody or other always so considered—the little man was rushed at like "our artist" in *Punch*, and driven frantic with requests, questions, and threats of taking in the other paper if what each man desired was not inserted.

"Put that in the peaper, lad; be sure you put that in thy peaper, or d—n me if ever I buys a copy again."

"What's the matter, Jack?" somebody might inquire of this demented individual from purely disinterested motives, and with the benignant desire of general pacification, the judge having decided wisely for his own interest, but not well.

"Matter! Why, didn't thee see my dog get the run up and kill the hare? Why he was thirty or forty yards in front up, and finished with a kill."

Here the reporter went to work, thinking he had got hold of some choice coursing phraseology for his subscribers—"Run up and a kill." It was grand, he thought; and if he could get into their proper places a few cotes, wrenches, go-by's, and stickings to the scut, what a glorious account might he not yet make of it all? But here was another magnificent piece of coursing information in store for him, and of which he instantly availed himself. The expostulator with the loser in the last match continued to explain to that gentleman that he was not so badly treated, perhaps, by the judge as at first sight appeared.

"Why, your dog must have been unsighted from slips, you know; no greyhound could have led another thirty or forty yards in the run up; and, besides, the other did all the work when he got placed, and the judge was right, I take it."

And so, to the loser's disgust and possibly with the loss of his annual subscription, that version was adopted by the reporter; and a very grand paragraph it made in his account, though he did his best to explain that great diversity of opinion

prevailed as to the true merits of the course. We had been having very tolerable sport all the morning, sometimes killing a hare by such aid as aforesaid, but more frequently losing the game in covert, there being numerous plantations on every side of us affording friendly shelter to many a persecuted hare. At length it came to Mr. Hooper's turn with one of his nonpareils, which animal was given in charge to the slipper with a diminutive specimen of the greyhound species belonging to a comparative stranger among us and rejoicing in the appropriate name of Nimble. This little fawn-and-white thing was a perfect model of shape and symmetry, which would have delighted old Wynkyn de Worde himself. Her pedigree and performances were of a most insignificant character, and the latter purely of an amateur kind, yet her owner laughed immoderately when putting her into the slips, and looked about him with an air of confidence that betokened disaster to the house of Hooper. The betting over this encounter waxed unusually brisk and spirited, and Hooper was let in for more "quids" than he would care to part with if his dog proved unsuccessful. There were many present who were in the secret of Nimble's powers with a good hare, and if any fencing opposed her progress they were aware that her chance of winning was equal, at least, to that of her antagonist. But as for the rest of the company each might have said:

Noble his shape, but I cannot tell  
If his worth with that shape may suit;  
If a hound he be in the chase to excel,  
For fleetness of his foot;

Or worthless as a household hound  
Whom men by their boards will place,  
For no merit of strength or speed renowned,  
But admired for shapely grace.

The greyhounds were slipped on fallow, and Nimble gained the run-up and first turn, and then, immediately killing, was, by some unaccountable decision of the judge, condemned to contest the trial again, the course having been given undecided. The judge, from the slowness of Hooper's candidate, considered that he was unsighted from slips, and so hollow was the win that his opinion almost seemed excusable. The second time a hare was bundled out of a quarry pit, and Nimble, taking a cunning bend, thinking the hare was coming out on the lower side, was very nearly out of the hunt altogether. Hooper's dog was now on pleasant terms with the hare on the higher side, but by judicious riding on the part of Nimble's owner, that animal wore round the quarry, soon saw how matters stood, and prepared to make up the lost ground. In this effort she was immensely favoured, for the hare, being hard pressed, could not jump the little stone fence at the top of the field, and, being turned once or twice, let in Nimble, who now had a terrible score to rub off in order to make a win of it. The hare at length contrived to meuse the fence—if running through an aperture between two stones can be called meusing, but if it cannot I know no legitimate name for it—which Nimble flew gallantly, whilst her opponent bungled and lost ground considerably. From this point of the course Hooper's dog might as well have been at home. All the work in the next field was done by the dexterous little Nimble, who worked her hare admirably, but was evidently tiring from the effects of the terrible struggle she had previously made to recover lost ground at the start. In a long stretch, in which Nimble wrenched strongly two or three times, the hare gradually drew away, and it was painful to see the game greyhound tire perceptibly without receiving any assistance from her antagonistic partner. The hare cleared another stone fence, and turned short down by a cart roadway on the other side, the greyhound still toiling in the rear. A high gate, through the bars of which the hare shot like a swallow on the wing, opposed their course, and Nimble, to the surprise and admiration of all who saw it, flew it famously, while Hooper's representative nearly destroyed himself by rushing underneath the lowest bar where the water had made a small hollow. The hare lived to get back to the quarry, and escaped under a rock. Whether poor Puss survived that tremendous gruelling or not I am unable to say, but on the true Gallic system we forbore to disturb her well won rest. There could be very little doubt about the superior merit of Nimble, and she was adjudged the winner of the course by acclamation. The judge's calling and occupation were—a fortunate thing for him—for the time gone; and it is but justice to Hooper to say that he fully coincided in the general verdict, bowed to the popular opinion, and forked out his losses like a good sportsman, without appealing to the judge for a righteous fiat. In match-coursing under the jurisdiction of old Mr. George of Warwick it is probable that the decision would have been given at the first fence out of the quarry field; and our own judge, I have no doubt, intended doing so; but such a proceeding would have found no favour among the hard-riding farmers who comprised the stock-in-trade of our meeting, and only have subjected the judge to universal contempt and ridicule. We have heard of the great leap of the Hon. Grantley Berkeley's greyhound Bang, of 30 ft., or 10 measured yards, taken in full swing over a gate into a road beyond; and also of the great American leap over a river by a greyhound last year; but I doubt if a gamer thing than Nimble's leap over that very awkward five-bar, when in an exhausted state, has often been surpassed.

I have often been puzzled to know how a coursing reporter contrives to get all the information necessary for the readers of his newspaper, when, as a matter of fact, many, if not most, of the courses have been run wholly out of his sight. An intelligent fewterer could do the business equally well, though it is impossible that he can see every course throughout the day. I once heard a gallant Colonel, who had ridden a course in a storm of rain and wind over Salisbury Plain, say to the coursing reporter of a sporting newspaper, "I tried to do my best to ride the course for you, Williams, but I can't tell you much about it; the rain beat so hard in my face I couldn't keep my eyes open." Williams expressed his thanks, and said it made no matter in the least; he should be able to manage it nicely. And he forthwith made for the judge, and took down particulars of the course from that functionary, who, suffering from the same drawback as the Colonel, might in reality have seen just as much of the course as he did. Our slipper on the occasion of this private meeting was a long while before appearing at dinner, as likewise was the reporter, whom we excused because of his important avocations. They were, however, both shut up in one bed-room, which served them for tubbing purposes and for literary composition. The following conversation, or something very like it, might have been heard by an ordinarily-attentive listener in the room adjoining:—

"Go on, Sam," said the reporter. "Must make up my parcel to-night, or they'll think I've been lushing again."

"Go on? Well, you are a rapacious cove, I should not say," observed the fewterer, who had evidently been furnishing some reliable information. "You know, you beggar, you cut the concern before the cream had come to skimming, and now you want me to post you up for your paper. What are you going to stand? Blow me if I tell you a word more if



you don't fork over. It's all d—d fine for you to sit there and write high and dry; but I'm blowed if I ain't had all the information a'most washed out o' me, and no flies."

"Oh, go on, d—n you! I'll lush you up all right when I've got the information. How the devil am I to do it without you? You know I don't know anything about this here game. So fire away."

And the slipper fired away, and the reporter wrote away, and so was concocted a truly "reliable" and trustworthy account of our coursing meeting. But nobody cared much to read it, and were content with the account of the dinner, names of persons present, of songs sung, of toasts proposed, and of the menu provided. But, as these are only interesting to the parties who were present, I will spare the reader their infliction here, and conclude my account of a Private Coursing-Match.

A. H. M.

## MR. ANDREW O'ROURKE'S RAMBLINGS. HIS TROUBLES.

Craven-street, Strand, London, Dec. 20, 1875.

P.S.—If there was anny raison left in me it's on a bed of sickness I ought to be, and not sittin here sthrivin to write to you; but all the sense is gone out of me body with the trouble that's come into me heart, an I haven't pace of mind enough to think of gettin sick. The latter part of this letter I wrote first, but, owin to this part bein of the most consequence, I put it before the other as a postscript.

Just when I had finished writin me letter to you to-day an was takin a shock of the pipe to soother me mind, the postman knocked an gev in a letter addressed to "Andrew O'Rourke, Esq., care of Mrs. Barnstaple, Craven-street, Strand, London, W.C."

"I think this must be for you, Mr. O'Rourke," sez Mrs. Barnstaple, handin me the letter an stirrin the fire. Thanks be to mercy, Mike, she's no widdy, but a harmless married woman ownin a husband that comes home every evenin with a smell of American bacon an lard on his clothes.

"It looks morchal like as if it was for me, mam," I makes answer, turnin the envelope over an over an thryin to find out be the feel the sentiments of him who wrote it; for I couldn't make head or tail of the handwritin. Wan thing looked consol-in—no woman done it. "It's heavy enough for sorrow," sez I, balancin it on the tip of me middle finger. There was two penny stamps on it, an I wandhered who could put such a high price on me regard for his conversation.

"If I was you I'd open it," sez the woman, gettin up off her knees from before the fire, an standin close be me chair.

"No doubt, alannah," sez I. "I have me misgivins. But here goes!"

With them bowld words I sticks the handle of the toastin-fork into the cover and busts it open, quietly.

"Faith, Mrs. Barnstaple!" I sez; "but here's a man thinks a dale of what he has to say, for he puts nothin at all on wan side of the sheet of paper, an still pays tuppence for carriage."

"Maybe," sez she, "as it's Christmas times, the extria stamp may be his way of givin a Christmas-box to the poor postman."

"It isn't a him at all!" I makes answer, sore amazed.

"A her?"

"No."

"What, then, is it, in the name of all that's wandherful? For there's nothin living that's its but babies, an they can't write."

"It's two of them!"

"Two babies! But two babies is no more than wan in the way of writin, whatever they may be in the way of blessins an expense."

As she said them words I felt a kind of chokin, and put me finger inside me collar. The letter was now wide open.

"Mrs. Barnstaple, isn't Lincoln's-inn-fields a place where respectable lawyers have there offices?" I axes.

"Yes," she makes answer. "I hope there's nothin wrong, Mr. O'Rourke?"

"Oh, there's nothin wrong! Only a friend of mine wants to know me lawyer; an, as I haven't such a consolation in London, I will be obliged to see afther wan."

With these words I got up, an she left the room. When I was be meself, I flattened out the papers I now send you. Read them:—

LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS, LONDON, Dec. 20, 1875.

SIR,—We have been instructed by Mrs. Julia Hill (relict of the late Mr. Benjamin Hill), of No. 173, Fetter-lane, London, E.C., to inform you that we are about to take immediate proceedings against you at her suit for breach of promise of marriage; and we hereby desire you to furnish us with the name of an attorney upon whom we may in due course, and on your behalf, serve a copy of the summons and plaint in the record above referred to.

We have been further instructed to inform you that certain portions of wearing apparel, &c., now lying at the house of Mrs. Julia Hill (relict of the late Mr. Benjamin Hill), of No. 173, Fetter-lane, London, E.C., aforesaid, may be removed by you, or by any authorised agent of your appointing, and that our client, Mrs. Julia Hill (relict of the late Mr. Benjamin Hill), of No. 173, Fetter-lane, London, E.C., desires such wearing apparel to be immediately removed from her custody and premises aforesaid, as by the sight of them and the knowledge that such of them as are concealed are, nevertheless, in and upon her premises, she suffers great disturbance and anguish of mind—owing to her mind, by such sight and knowledge of such wearing apparel, &c. being in and upon her premises, being continually brought to dwell on the painful and cruel treatment she has received at your hands, upon which treatment she grounds her contemplated action, relying on the protecting arm of the Law and the well-known justice of a British jury.

Hereunto we beg to append a list of the wearing apparel, &c., aforesaid.

We remain, Sir,

Your humble servants,

ENMAIN AND MORTAIL.

To Andrew O'Rourke, Esq.,

Care of Mrs. Barnstaple,

Craven-street, Strand, London, W.C.

List of wearing apparel, &c., of Andrew O'Rourke, Esq., now lying in and upon the premises of Mrs. Julia Hill (relict of the late Mr. Benjamin Hill), of No. 173, Fetter-lane, London, E.C.

To wit:

ITEM I. A portmanteau, contents (if any) unknown.

ITEM II. Ditto, contents (if any) unknown.

ITEM III. A hatbox, containing muffler, odd glove, two pawn-office duplicates (1), and brass shirt-stud (2).

ITEM IV. Overcoat of grey frieze—contents of pockets, two letters in female hand (3), one whisky bottle, empty (4), one muffler, one soiled paper wristband (5), and several latch-keys, apparently belonging to different houses (6).

ITEM V. Four pair of trousers, contents of pockets unascertained by Mrs. Hill.

ITEM VI. One collar-box of green pasteboard, containing four soiled paper collars, No. 16 (7), one set of sealing-

wax shirt-studs (8), and a torn tract on temperance, smelling of tobacco (9).

ITEM VII. Three coats: contents of pockets—sundry letters, pawn-office duplicates (10), unpaid bills (11), one silver fork, with initials G. C. (12), two gold pencil-cases, similar to each other in pattern, quite new (13), several tracts, smelling of tobacco (one partly burnt) (14), cork, with neck of bottle attached (15), iron instrument, looking like a jemmy (16), and one soiled pocket-handkerchief with four small holes, in the corner tied up two rings, such as are worn by engaged ladies, both rings showing signs of use (17).

ITEM VIII. Three waistcoats: contents of pockets—four counterfeit pence, one ditto shilling, one ditto half-crown (18), one brass locket containing sand-coloured hair and the portrait of a woman with a cast in the eyes (19), one railway key, one lead pencil, the particles of a shattered watch glass, one quill with fragment of camphor in end (20).

ITEM IX. One cane sword with red marks and rust upon it (21).

ITEM X. Underclothing, unascertained by Mrs. Hill.

ITEM XI. Two silk hats much battered.

ITEM XII. One pair of boots.

ITEM XIII. Ten empty bottles with labels indicating that their contents had been sedative medicines (22).

ITEM XIV. One pocket-book containing memoranda showing owner to be in possession of property value £3000 per annum (23).

NOTES UPON THE ABOVE LIST BY A. O'R.

I. Put in be the widdy to ruin me name.

II. Wan of the virgin goold set I bought in Grafton-street before leaving the ould sod.

III. From Maryanne Coonahan of Glenary about the sale of the powlthry left on thrust with Mrs. Walsh, and that aftherwards got bad with the pip.

IV. Ony a noggin flask for thravellin.

V. Not mine. Never wore such rubbish. Why, they're goin to thry me for bein a counther-jumper!

VI. An ould bunch of me father's. They want to make out ayther that I don't pay me landladies or that I rove into halls be night with an eye to the umbrellas.

VII. An inch too big for me. Put in for spite to beman in the eyes of the people.

VIII. Raal coral, 21s. 6d.

IX. Ah then, is it likely anny wan with an eye in his head would waste it on me!

X. They're ould wans I got from me Dublin washer-women, an didn't think it worth redeeming the shirts.

XI. That's to thry an damage me character, but, bein a man of property, it ony shows me dacency.

XII. I don't know anny thing about that. I dar say it's to make evidence against me honesty.

XIII. They're not goold. I gev 3s. 9d. for the two.

XIV. Same remark as to IX.

XV. Wan would think I was a painther an glazier. That's the boy's doins.

XVI. If it isn't a wall hook for scrapin the gutther off me boots and gaiters I don't know what it is. Housebreakin, I suppose, will be wan of me vartues in the dock!

XVII. I'd take me oath they're ould wans of the widdy's.

XVIII. Tuck in change from the widdy herself. Me manners wouldn't let me notice their badness to her. Coinin is seven years if they prove it on me.

XIX. Your wife's likeness.

XX. Don't know annythin about it or what it mains.

XXI. I wandher are you to see the judge put on a black cap for me. It looks like as if they were goin to brin murder or peeler-killin at laist against me.

XXII. Don't know anny thing about the bottles. Saw some belongin to former lodger. He had the jigs an blue devils, &c., the widdy tould me.

XXIII. There's for you! Do you understand the mainin of that? An it a lie of £2700 anny way. Is the claim to be for £1,000,000,000, or ony £999,999,999, I wandher? Small chance they have of gettin the first, whatever there may be of their gettin the second!

An now I won't say another word about this for the present, but I'll let you know all the news afther I've seen a lawyer. Here's the part of me letter I wrote first:—

## THE MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS.

ME DEAR MIKE,

Saturday's bein a sloppy-sloppy, unraisonable, saisonable night, I thought I couldn't do better than give the Moore an Burgess Minstrels a turn, so, gettin into an omnibus in the Strand, I soon found meself in St. James's Hall, Piccadilly. Mike, isn't it a morchal quare thing that they should call a place given over altogether to aitin and divartion, afther a saint?

The room where the Moore an Burgesses goes on is a large wan med on the cross, I main it's wider than deep. A gallery with open, gilded, twisted bannisters runs around the top of it, an all the rest of the place for the people is on the floor. This makes it comfortable an homely, not havin all the people as if they were pasted against the walls like pictures of Jack the Joint Killer in a children's nursery. From the roof hangs little hanks of white gas globes, like small bunches of chape grapes from long sthrings in a grocery. There's faggots of artificial or rale laves an flowers under the gallery. At first I thought they were holly an ivy, with maybe a taste of mistletoe to make the place intherestin; but when the lights was turned up I could see no mistletoe. More's the pity.

The reserved sates is chairs covered with green cloth, an the unreserved sates is benches with backs covered in red. Down the backs of the latter is bits of twine, showin how much of ache you are entitled to for your money; maybe it's out of regard of this arrangement that people have come to call money be the name of twine, for the father of a family bringin his elder children to the Moore and Burgess might say to younger wans and to his mother-in-law that he couldn't take them, as he had no more twine than would do for the others. Two or three sates away from me there was a tidy little girl of about eighteen, with a blue ribbon under a white chin an light hair under a purple hat. Be me word, I wouldn't mind sharin me twine (on the sate, I main) with her. You see, Mike, I'm hardly any better than eiver I was afther the sore lesson I got.

Most of the people present hadn't yet come to the use of reason; that is, I suppose, a way of sayin they had not yet larned how to abuse it. Annyway they were mostly young people, lookin happy an wholesome.

The stage is long an shallow, with a lot of sthraight cowl-lookin chairs like secondhand shower-baths cut in two, thryin to make a livin be lettin on to be washin-tubs of suparior quality.

When you are in London an go to the Moore and Burgess Minstrels don't, as you value your aise, sit forment the Bones, for his like at layin on tunder I never heard before. I sat fair opposite him, an I couldn't help thinkin all the time of an express steam-injin sthrivin to brist itself in order to keep the name of the company favourably before the public an show there was no niggerly spar in coal.

All of the performers had their faces blacklead an their chests whitewashed with clain linen. Wan of the dhrollest of them axed another why they were like purty young widdies, an when the other gev up the riddle, him that axed the question said it was because they didn't remain long in black. It was a very good answer, an me ony regret is it couldn't be that they weren't allowed to put their comehether on men; but of course I had private raisons for that, and people in general wouldn't understand it.

The quarest things I ever saw was to watch their black faces when they were singing. First wan in the black line opened his mouth, an you saw the white teeth and red lips, just like a half-blown pink rose stuck in the bars of a fire-grate. Then when the chorus came a whole line of white teeth and red lips spread along heads, like a white tape with a pink border.

Mr. Romer has a most wandherful voice. He sang, "When the moon with glory brightens," an let his voice down floore be floore, like a sack of corn in a store, until it seemed to spill about his feet, and sounded as if it were a large tay-thray whispering to itself, or the bell of Glenary church grumblin be night of overwork afther a weddin in the morning an dead bells up to dusk. How Mr. Romer kept his countenance I don't know, unless it was that he couldn't smile owing to the stiffness of his collar. All the people laughed; and when he was done he had to get up and bow to show it wasn't out of ill-feeling he did it.

There was plenty of riddles, and songs, and fun, and music; but what took me taste most was "The Mulligan Guards," with a bit of "Patherick's Day" let into it to give it life. An, would you believe it, Mike, "The Mulligan Guards," which was all about the ould land, was the greatest favourite of all, an they had to do parts of it over twice. Mike, it often strikes me as quare that when Irish people come to England they find no lack of kindly people to give them a good word and a pleasant smile, an yet, for some reason or other, the two counthries don't seem, to judge be newspapers, to be such friends as they might. It's my belief the two counthries would be closer friends if the people of ache ony knew wan another better.

Afther the singin was over there was dancin and comicalities, an a man playin on the banjo, an another that did wandhers on the cornet, and then more comicalities, until you began to get scruples of consins for gettin too much value; an then, when 'twas all over, the people got up to go home smilin all over like white wild roses in a summer hedge.

I'm glad you wance more find me spellin improved. If I could ony larn to forget where the h's come in an put them in where you can't see rhyme nor raison for their being I flather meself few could now bate me in spakin the English language.

Your lovin cousin,  
ANDY O'ROURKE.

To Michael Crotty, Esq., South King-sthreet, Dublin.

## A NEW PARIS PIECE.

PARIS is undergoing the usual delights, or inflictions, of the *Jour de l'An*. Etreennes are half ruining Parisians. The boulevard booths are besieged. *Bals masques* are in full fling. This festive season has been chosen for the production of a new play, whereof a Paris correspondent writes:—"An amusing little piece, called *Le Bois de Vésinet*, was played on Tuesday evening at the Variétés. The author is M. Alfred Delacour, a master in what one almost fears is the dying art of writing vaudevilles. *Le Bois de Vésinet* may be called an excellent specimen of an essentially French production, a pleasing nothing, an 'unconsidered trifle,' made up of laughter and snatches of song. The plot, though an old one, serves as the vehicle of much new fun. M. Coquillon, 'thirty-two years in the wool trade,' as he is proud to inform all comers, has retired from business and married a pretty young person, lately employed in a tobacco-shop. A former acquaintance of Madame Coquillon contrives to get scratched in a duel near the residence of the ex-wool-merchant, who lives in the Bois de Vésinet, or, as we might say, at Blackheath. Supposed to be dangerously wounded, he is received into the worthy citizen's house, and tenderly nursed. There is no saying what might be about to happen, but it so befalls that various friends of the hero—a Gallic hero, be it remembered—arrive, anxious to learn tidings of him. A curious 'sister,' and two remarkable 'nieces,' who to honest M. Coquillon seem models of grace and beauty, make their appearance; and when offered refreshments, cheerily accept, suggesting rum-punch and champagne. Some capital by-play follows between these ladies and the wounded man, who is supposed to eat nothing, and yet suffers from a mysterious attack of indigestion. To get rid of his feminine visitors he adopts a disguise, and pretends to be his own uncle—a military surgeon. As such he is privileged to thank Madame Coquillon for her kindness to his nephew, and imprints many paternal kisses on her cheeks; then, fearing lest M. Coquillon, after the French fashion, should also claim an embrace, he hastily adds after each salute that he never kisses men. Unfortunately the pretended sister ends by pulling off his moustache, when he is obliged to retire discomfited, and the curtain falls. The music, it may be added, is gay and bright, and the song, 'Si j'étais veuve,' deserves to become a favourite."

## SUMMER IN WINTER AT THE JARDIN DES PLANTES.

RICH though the "Zoo" indubitably is in various specimens of animal life, it must be confessed that until recently the housing of most of the members of London's great menagerie has scarcely been worthy so influential a society as the Royal Zoological. The elephants' house is now comfortable enough, and so is the home of the monkeys, whilst the carnivora will very shortly be removed to the spacious new lions' house lately finished. But, in the matter of a fitting home for reptiles, the Jardin des Plantes fairly eclipses the "Zoo." Comparison of the lofty reptiles' house shown in one of our engravings, with the small room devoted to the same purpose in Regent's Park, will prove plainly enough that this, at least, is one of those things they certainly do manage better in France.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AND NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.—The most acceptable are ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL, for the Hair; ROWLANDS' EUCONIA, a new and delicate Toilet Powder; ROWLANDS' ODONTO, for whitening the Teeth; and ROWLANDS' KALYDOR, for beautifying the Complexion. Sold by all Chemists, Perfumers, and Hairdressers.—[Advrt.]



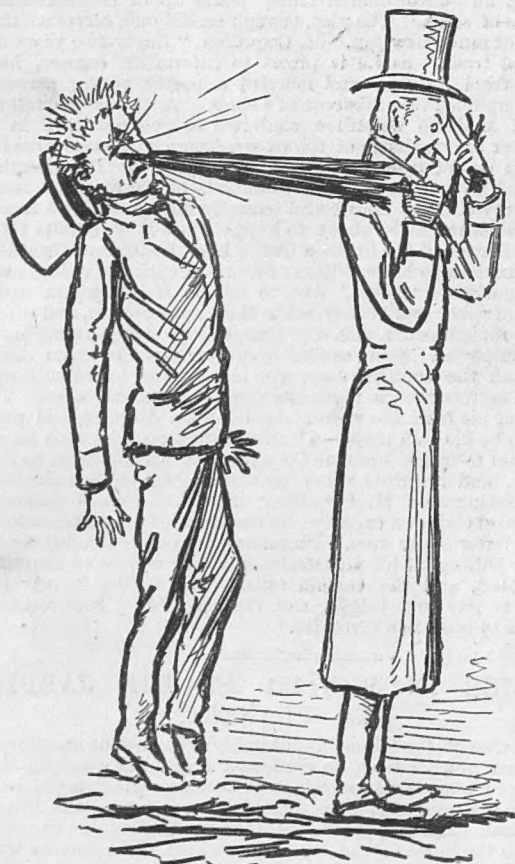
## WINTER AMUSEMENTS.

THE following games are suitable to all seasons of the year; but the worse the weather the greater is the fun; and they are, for this reason and some others, most appropriate to this hilarious period of pantomimes, plum-puddings, and all manner of heavy jocularities. Persons of very unselfish disposition, who have grown unalterably settled in the habit of studying the comfort and happiness of others, are warned that they will probably fail to discover the zest of each and all the diversions herein recommended; but the true practical humourist will quickly recognise and appreciate the merit of these performances.



There are few familiar objects so capable of affording excellent sport as the common umbrella (*Parapluium Gambii*), when dexterously managed. The art of handling this instrument with ease and amusement to oneself, and with a most comical embarrassment to everybody else, may be soon acquired by merely watching the actions of expert practitioners.

Much may be done on foot with a good-sized umbrella; such, for instance, as swinging it in a crowded thoroughfare and tossing it suddenly over your right shoulder, taking care, at the same time, to slacken your pace, or even to stop dead, as if you were struck by an idea. The probability is, that the pedestrian immediately behind you will be struck by a reality. This pleasing feat is called the *coup-d'œil*, or eye-opener. Another trick, simple and effective, is to tuck your umbrella—



"Coup - d'œil"

or a good-sized walking-stick will do—under your arm, and stand sidelong in the middle of a narrow footway, gazing either into a shop-window or at something in the road. This comic act, which is called the *barrière fermée*, can be considerably heightened in effect if two people will perform it together. They should stand face to face, as if absorbed in conversation. Note, however, that you are subject, in playing

this game, to being spun round like a teetotum by any muscular and determined passer-by. In that case, all you have to do is to look as little like a fool as you possibly can.

An omnibus, however, is the proper field for umbrella practice. We begin with the *pas de charge*, a little game that can be accomplished with a more pleasing and certain result on a wet day, when the omnibus you have selected for your experiment is nearly full of people, none of them in the best of tempers. You, of course, take in sail just as you are coming up with the lumbering four-wheeled machine; and you will have succeeded in furling your Sangster at the very moment of leaping gaily on the step, with a smart forward projection. Do not, however, quite close the frame upon the wire catch, but leave the ribs a little distended, with the damp folds flapping free. Now is the time to remember *not* to reverse arms; but, instead of holding the umbrella perpendicularly, with its ferrule downwards and out of harm's way, to continue your onward rush, with the point of your weapon directed in a line level with the eyes of the passengers. The sudden stopping of the vehicle gives you an impetus; and as you are shot forwards you may have the satisfaction of seeing in all the faces to the right and left of you an expression of the wildest terror and of a ludicrous doubt as to which side is to catch it. The flapping of the wet folds will naturally sweep the faces on your right—unless you happen to be a left-hand man. But the principal panic is caused by the pointed shaft.

The *pas de charge* is, however, but an elementary feat, on which may be instantly founded another movement almost as easy in the performance and rather more decisive in the result. Nearly all the carriages of the London General (and no wise particular) Omnibus Company are furnished, at a lofty elevation inside the roof, with two parallel bars running longitudinally, as if for gymnastic exercise. Still holding your wet umbrella at arm's length, with the ferrule well up in horizontal line, you will have advanced a few steps when the conductor pulls a string that rings a bell and starts the horses. You have then the excuse of Nature's first law, self-preservation,



for making an upward clutch at one of the parallel bars. By all means do this with the hand which holds the umbrella, now dropped into a perpendicular position, and loosely suspended by its handle in your otherwise engaged grasp. The rigid hold upon the fixed horizontal bar throws a pleasing uncertainty into the pendulous motion of the parapluie; but you may at least make your mind comfortable with the assurance that, by the smallest leverage brought to bear on the handle, the saturated silk, gingham, or "alpaca" will be driven outwards from your own person, and inwards with regard to some proximate human visage. This entertaining feat is called the rocket-stick. It has also been designated the acidulated drop.

The sole objection to the rocket-stick, or acidulated drop, in common with the *pas de charge*, is that you are very liable to poke out somebody's eye and to have an action brought against you for damages. This would be disagreeable, especially if the jury should happen not to be intelligent. Note, however, in order to be well provided against any emergency, you should always carry in your card case the pasteboard of some obnoxious friend, which you may give to anyone demanding your name and address.

Not quite so positively characterised by the same drawback is a feat that is usually accomplished in a complacent manner by ladies. It may be introduced by means of the *pas de charge*; but it is irreconcilable with the rocket-stick. In the first place it is essential that you should have the handle of your umbrella turned towards the floor of the vehicle when you take your seat, and the ferrule consequently sticking up. Then, after a moment or two of settling down, you look pensively at the inverted ferrule, as if you had an impression that it had no business there. The next thing is to clutch the umbrella by the middle and give it a half-spin round, so as to bring the handle right side up. If you do this smartly you may manage to chuck your next neighbour, on the one hand, under the chin, and to bonnet the passenger sitting at your other elbow. This is called the wheel of discord, or merry-go-round.

Also in the ladylike category of umbrella-games, in omnibuses, are two feats, both very easy, called severally Long Tom Coffin and the Slide. As to the first, all you have to do is to lay the umbrella supinely across your lap, so that the extremities may repose on the knees of the two persons between whom you are sitting. This game of Long Tom Coffin may be varied. Instead of letting the umbrella rest quietly in the horizontal position, place it on your arm, with the ferrule pointing into the face of somebody on the one side or

the other. This, to be sure, annoys only one person instead of two; but the annoyance is more effectual. The Slide is performed thus. Instead of allowing the ferrule of your umbrella to rest simply on the floor of the carriage, draw the handle up towards your chest, so causing the lower end to stick out across your knees, and to worry the shins of the person sitting directly opposite you. In both these feats it is very advisable to collect as much mud as possible on the tip of the ferrule before you enter the omnibus.

It is earnestly hoped that any reader who does not own an umbrella will be induced by the foregoing hints to borrow one.

But there are ways of getting good sport in omnibuses even without an umbrella. Here are two or three hints, on which



any ingenious person may improve. Very little practice will enable you to tread on the toes of any passenger, however carefully he may attempt to hide them under the seat. In making your way up or down the full length of a crowded omnibus, always raise your heels as high as you can, and, if you have mud on them, you cannot fail to leave some of it on the garments of those you pass. If you get in a corner seat, fit your back into the rounded angle, lolling negligently with your knees forward, as though you were in a rocking-chair; and do not alter this position when there is any pressure for space. Never make way, when there is room at your end and people are being inconveniently squeezed farther off. To cross one leg over the other is quite as good a joke as the slide-trick, performed with an umbrella. Indeed, it may be made an improvement on the Slide, for the toe of a dirty boot gives even more trouble than the point of an umbrella, and is more at your command. If you are in the middle of smoking a cigar when you enter an omnibus do not throw the half-consumed weed away, but let it burn into blackness, like the snuff of an expiring candle; for the odour of smouldering tobacco is ever so much more displeasing to your natural enemies, the other passengers, than would be that of the cigar fairly smoked to the last.



In all things be aggressive, and carry into the life of towns that defiant spirit of true John Bullism which is so gloriously predominant in certain of the mining districts, and which impels every noble savage, at the mere sight of a stranger, to "heave half a brick at him."

GODFREY TURNER.

THE PEERAGE.—Her Majesty has revived the dukedom of Gordon in the person of the Duke of Richmond, who inherited Gordon Castle and the estates of the last Duke of that name. The Queen has further signified her pleasure to raise the Earl of Abergavenny to the dignity of a Marquis; to confer an earldom upon Lord Wharfedale; and to bestow an English peerage upon the Earl of Erne. The following gentlemen will be summoned to the House of Peers:—John Ralph Ormsby-Gore, Esq., member for North Shropshire; Henry Gerard Sturt, Esq., member for the county of Dorset; John Tollemache, Esq., of Helmingham Hall, Suffolk; and Sir Robert Tolver Gerard, Bart., of Bryn, in the county of Lancaster.